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MUSINGS.

S. H. Garrigues

MUSINGS

OF

A BLIND AND PARTIALLY DEAF GIRL.

BY

MARY ANN MOORE.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
1873.

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MUSINGS.

THE AUTHORESS'S PETITION.

Alas! I am a mournful orphan one,
Without a home or private means whereon
To lean secure from want in future years,
When bound by age or by misfortune's tears.
Affliction too, of more than common weight,
Hath seized my form and rendered dark my state,
Brought partial silence to my outward ear,
Placing obstructions in my pathway here;
Yet I desire to bear above these woes,
And look to Him who every trial knows;
To trust His love to make a way for me,
Whereby I may glide safely o'er life's sea.
I murmur not at being doomed to pass
As one belonging to the smaller class;
I murmur not at work of hand or mind,
While struggling on, some self-support to find.
Toil and fatigue are lighter far to bear
Than envied favors from another's share;
Need to depend on charity is pain
To those who over plenty once did reign.
Then, Lord, since Thou beholdest how I stand,
A guest dependent on the stranger's hand;
Since Thou in love and might art pleased to spare
My mental powers to be applied with care,

Be Thou my friend, and help me to pursue,
With motives pure, the task I aim in view.
Oh, hear my prayer, and, if it be Thy will,
Open a path wherein I might fulfill
Something that would improve my present way
And brighten prospects of a future day;
Incline kind hearts to largely patronize
The work of one who toils 'neath gloomy skies;
Grant me success, that I in time may gain
Sufficient means myself to well maintain.
Not self alone, the worthy stricken poor
Should share the comforts of my gathered store;
The mournful and unfortunate should find
In me a friend of sympathetic mind.
I covet not the pomp of worldly pride,
Plenty and peace are more than aught beside,—
Therefore, of little I could freely spare
A mite at times to soothe affliction's tear.

CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD! how oft a thought of thee
Casts weight upon my brow!
I would I could forget thy charms,
So changed my fortune now.

I can but view with starting tears
This altered life of mine,
While clouds obscure my riper years,
Which never darkened thine.

Thy cheerful paths were mostly strewn
With pleasure's brilliant flowers;
My little sorrows vanished soon,
Like childhood's transient hours.

I feared no future woes or care,
I roved a girlish thing,
And little thought gloom and despair
Would thus around me cling.

I little thought, when sporting gay
With friends of early years,
Their friendship would so soon decay
If smiles were turned to tears.

But as maturer years drew on
I many lessons met,
Before my sixteenth year had flown
My stars in darkness set.

My youthful mind was forced to bow
Beneath affliction's spell,
And heaviness stole o'er my brow,
My heart's deep woe to tell.

The friends of childhood's happy hour
One after one withdrew,
I learned by stern affliction's power
That friends indeed are few.

The change is great, its trial doth
My wounded spirit bow;
Oh, memory, cease this melody,
I cannot bear it now!

CONSOLATION.

THERE is a star, a brilliant star,
  Which lights our mental eye,
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
  Our pathway to the sky:
That star is revelation's light
To guide the pilgrim's steps aright.

There is a joy, a tranquil joy,
  That smooths the mourner's way,
'Tis resignation's power to yield
  Strength equal to our day,
Though rainbow hues and sunset rays
Be hid forever from our gaze.

There is a voice amidst the gloom
  Of tumult here below,
That whispers peace beyond the tomb,
  Exempt from care or woe:
That voice is all-relying faith
In Him who for us suffered death.

There is a hope, a cheering hope,
  More precious to the soul
Than all the pleasures we receive
  From worldly fame or gold:
The choicest gem to mortals given
Is hope of entrance into heaven.

TRY.

If you desire to win a prize,
Despair not ere you try;
Perhaps within your power it lies,
Let not a chance pass by.

Would you attain to ready skill
In aught for which you sigh,
Your hopes will not be crowned until
With energy you try.

The depths of science and of art
Would yet in darkness lie,
Had not some ingenious heart
Wisely resolved to try.

In every place, in every change,
That gilds or shades your sky,
There's always something that requires
Your willingness to try.

You'll find when error's clouds of gloom
Or weakness hover nigh,
There is no way to overcome
Temptations but to try.

Misfortunes, wrong, or pain, may oft
Cause tears to dim your eye;
Oh, whisper, while you look aloft,
These woes to bear *I'll try!*

Press through your cares, and bear in mind,
Until the day you die,
No great attainments are secured
Unless you nobly try.

Although at first it may appear
Your efforts are in vain,
Be not dismayed at having failed,
Be firm, and try again.

SECRET SORROWS.

How often we gaze on a smiling face
And think it an emblem of inward peace!
How oft we imagine happiness lies
In glittering mansions of gorgeous size!
Alas! how mistaken to thus suppose
Externals doth the inward truth disclose!
How far from plain reality the sight
That gilds life's fairy picture dazzling bright!
How far from human nature's power to scan
The secret struggles of a brother man!
None know the trials others have to bear,
None feel the weight of one another's share.
Too oft we see lips smile upon a throng,
While the heart aches under some secret wrong!
Too oft 'midst wealth or splendor's grand display
The tyrant's mandate fond ones must obey;
Too oft injured spirits unheeded sigh
At lost affection's cold, averted eye.
Their woes unknown unto the world at large,
They live unpitied 'neath their hidden charge;

Whose painful weight is canker to the mind,
More painful too the closer 'tis confined.
Ah, many are the hearts that silent bleed!
Ah, many are the tear-drops vainly shed
In paths appearing to the world as all
For which the soul could yearn or fancy call!
Yet bright as those paths to the careless seem,
They're oft devoid of life's most soothing beam,
Forbearance, kindness, sympathy, and love,
A needed solace while we onward move.
God is the only one who knows the real
Extent of trials each one has to feel;
His watchful eye beholds the inmost truth,
Attending feeble age, or trusting youth;
He is the friend to whom we may draw near
And safely breathe the secret of each tear.

SUBMISSION AND RESIGNATION.

Every rational being of mature years is doomed to experience a variety of trials while journeying through life. It matters not of what character our trials are, any or all of them are afflictive to our natural dispositions, and tend to make our earthly path appear gloomy, rough, and difficult. Although many wise and good persons have been enabled with Divine assistance to declare trials are blessings in disguise, the greater portion of the human family find, when forced to labor under annoying circumstances, it is easier to preach than to practice this doctrine, and show by their actions they are far from being

resigned to our situation. While we are permitted to glide undisturbed upon the smooth surface of health and prosperity, we can unhesitatingly recommend submission and resignation to others, whose barks have been seriously obstructed on their course by adverse gales of affliction or misfortune; but when our own frail barks become similarly situated, surrounding gales appear doubly appalling to us, and wounded nature reluctantly surrenders to their powers. From what does this reluctance proceed, if not from a want of resignation to our fate? I would also ask why it is so difficult for us to become resigned to afflictive dispensations. Methinks it is chiefly because human nature is a most singular compound of strength and weakness, each propensity operating against the other, as is plainly represented on one hand by our clinging so firmly to the endearing joys of life that our strong wills can hardly be brought to submit to a separation therefrom, and, on the other hand, by our being so irresolute and distressed amidst crosses which we are fully sensible are required of us to bear, and our contrited spirits sincerely desirous of submitting thereto. Many, when overtaken by trials of an irreparable cast, endeavor to relieve the weight thereof by engaging in some absorbing employment calculated to divert their feelings from an inclination to grief and despondency. Such a course is highly commendable, although the result cannot be regarded as resignation, but a mere momentary escape from the pain of dark realities, allowing the wearied mind to rest and gather strength from happy forgetfulness. Submission is the first and most sure step towards resignation. By that step we can with a degree of comfort accommodate ourselves to various unaccustomed situations which attending circumstances seem to require, while the existence of an unyielding spirit naturally produces discontent under

every unfavorable change to which we are subjected. Grieving over events which cannot be amended only serves to keep mental wounds constantly bleeding, and debilitate our already oppressed spirits; consequently it is philosophical wisdom as well as our duty to endeavor to reconcile ourselves to our situations, whether we have been providentially or accidentally placed therein. When favored with occasional seasons of calmness, we gain an experimental knowledge of submission being conducive to resignation, endurance, and contentment; but, alas! we are also led to know submission is not always at our command, the strong yearnings of our nature to retain wanton powers or pleasures frequently rise so forcibly in our minds that our better resolutions are almost counteracted thereby, rendering the attainment of a resigned state a laborious task,—a task accomplished only by a close spiritual warfare under the government of the cross, and requiring continual watchfulness against the ascendency of a mournful, repining disposition.

"THE SERVANT IS NOT ABOVE HIS MASTER, NOR THE DISCIPLE ABOVE HIS LORD."

Oh, weary pilgrim, should thy faith depart,
And thou feel comfortless 'midst trials drear,
Thy Saviour's language may some joy impart,
To smooth the roughness of thy pathway here.

Should stern affliction seize thy mortal frame,
Torture thy flesh, debilitate thy mind,
Oh, think of Him who on the cross did hang,
To all the agonies of death resigned.

Shouldst thou e'er need a friend to plead thy cause
When dark misfortune's cloud o'ercasts thy sky,
When they who once were true, betray, withdraw,
Remember Him whom Peter did deny.

Should pride deride, or malice seek to tire,
There is a comfort e'en for such as thee—
The knowledge of thy Saviour having felt
The self-same trials, when in flesh, as we.

Then why repine or seek to 'scape thy woes?
The servant hath no more required of him
Than our great Master bore, and knows we need,
To wean us from our innate love of sin.

Couldst thou ascend to realms of joy and peace
By mossy paths of health, delight, or ease,
Our Saviour's sufferings to redeem our race
Would be forgotten 'mid such scenes as these.

So be content to suffer wrong or pain,
To tread the thorny road thy Master trod,
Nor think eternal bliss or life to gain
By smoother paths than was allowed thy God.

WHITE CLAY CREEK.

THOUGH 'midst the scenes of distant wilds
Decreed by fate to roam,
This faithful heart cannot forget
Thy charms, my native home!
It still turns to thy peaceful haunts,
And oft recalls the day
I sported on the banks which skirt
Thy waters, sweet White Clay.

Thou art a stream of length and might,
Whose name is dear to me,
Bound by a thousand native ties
This heart still clings to thee.
My grandsire settled on thy soil
While Britain held her sway,
And through two bloody wars he kept
His lands on thee, White Clay.

Thy borders gave my father birth,
He won a damsel fair,
And by his childhood's home he placed
His humble dwelling near.
Through all the ills that filled his lot
He rarely thought to stray,
But onward struggled to improve
His grounds on rich White Clay.

'Twas in that cot among thy hills
I first drew mortal breath;
'Twas there two infant brothers sank
In the cold arms of death;
'Twas there we children all found birth;
But ere our childhood's day
Had fled, our father chose a home
Some farther down White Clay.

Though changed our home, thy waters rolled
With wonted music sweet,
Thy hills with waving verdure bloomed
Around our new retreat;
Thy valleys there with beauty smile,
The zephyrs gently play
Among the groves and woodland bowers
Which shade thy course, White Clay.

Amidst those scenes of wild delight,
Where nature's richest dyes
Are nurtured by the fertile soil
Thy wayward stream supplies,
The transient hours of thoughtless youth,
Alternate grave and gay,
I passed, with friends whose homes were cast
Near mine, on thee, White Clay.

Though changes mark the flight of time,
And youth's bright dreams are past,
These feelings warm through every clime,
Through every change, shall last.
Remembrance oft will gild those hours,
Though I be far away,
I'll ne'er forget the beauty of
Thy borders, grand White Clay.

FOR WHAT DO I LIVE?

I LIVE not to covet the honor of fame,
'Tis an empty bubble, a mere sounding name;
I live not to bask in the sunshine of ease,
Nor drink the bright waters of joy's smiling seas.

The beauties of nature are hid from my gaze,
The tints of the rainbow or sunset's mild rays
Have no charm for me, though their beautiful stain
Reflects on the hill-top again and again.

From spring-time to autumn in brilliant array
Sweet flowers proudly wave by the side of my way,
While numberless stars in the clear azure sky
Seem to mock with their beams the gloom of my eye.

The bright-feathered songsters, whose melodies swell
With summer's soft breezes through forest and dell,
Revisit our clime, do their work and depart,
Without stirring with bliss one chord in my heart.

But a region there is where flowers never die,
Where stars meet no cloud in their course through the sky,
Where pure streams of rapture perpetually roll,
And sounds of sweet melody gladden the soul.

I live to prepare for a home in that spot
Where trials and care are forever forgot,
Where sin and temptation shall no more allure,
Nor dark clouds of distrust the spirit obscure.

I live to be taught by life's lessons of woe,
How vague and uncertain our schemes here below,
How transient the joys which attach us to earth,
And how slowly we toil for treasures of worth.

I live to endeavor some comfort to spread
In the pathway of those who near me shall tread;
Sweet sympathy's solace may lighten the load
Allotted to beings to bear on life's road.

I live to endure until God's chosen time
Shall call me from earth to a happier clime,
To join in the songs of the ransomed above,
Surrounding the presence of Him who is love.

WHO IS THY FRIEND?

Who is thy friend? Not he who smiles
When pleasure's cup is running o'er;
Not he who firmly grasps thy hand
When welcomed to thy splendid door.

Who is thy friend? Not he who speaks
On thy behalf when fortune reigns,
Or in thy presence approbates
That which in absence he disdains.

Who is thy friend? Dost thou not feel
It is not he who seeks to place
His sport and ridicule on thee,
By flattering praises to thy face?

Who is thy friend? Not he the proud,
  Who covets honor, pomp, or fame;
He'll greet thee in an humble crowd,
  In grander places shun thy name.

Who is thy friend? 'Tis he who stands
  Unchanged midst scenes of sun or shade,
Who lingers near with ready hands
  When trials are upon thee laid.

Who is thy friend? 'Tis he who strives,
  In kind compassion, to improve
An erring habit thou hast not
  Seen necessary to remove.

Who is thy friend? The Lord above,
  Who sees and pities all thy fears,
Who grants thee meekness, patience, love,
  He is thy friend in joy and tears.

EQUALITY.

Tell me, vain man, why thou dost scorn
Thy neighbor's garb, though threadbare worn,
Why thinkest thou his humble home
Too small to tempt thee there to roam?
Within that cot true peace may dwell,
And grateful adoration swell
The inmate's heart, who, like thy own,
Hath access to the Father's throne.
Thy God beholdeth all He made,
Regards His works in sun or shade;

His rain descends, His warm sunbeam
Shines on the rich and poor the same.
That cotter's prayer is dear as thine
To Him who is alone Divine;
Thou art but dust, to dust again
Thou shalt return; then why disdain
Thy lowly brother, who may be
Thy better in eternity?
Think not thy pomp or pride can save
Thy soul from woe beyond the grave;
One common fate awaits us all,
One final end, one certain call.
None can escape the stern command
Proclaimed by Death o'er sea and land;
His eye is watching night and day,
Ready at will to seize his prey.
The young, the old, the wise, the proud,
Are placed among his gathered crowd;
With him distinction hath no power,
He has for each a chosen hour.
One head must as the other lie,
Low in his icy lap, and die.
The narrow tomb receives us all,
Rank as we may with great or small.
There side by side do friend and foe,
The rich and poor, the high and low,
Together share the self-same lot,
Nor scorn each other's resting-spot.
Before the throne all must appear,
The sentence of the Lord to hear;
Like death He acts no partial part,
But judges equal every heart.

CHARITY.

CHARITY consists not merely in proffering physical or pecuniary assistance to relieve outward necessities existing among the poor and unfortunate, but also requires us to cultivate a spirit of toleration and forbearance toward those whose opinions or practices may differ from our own. An exercise of charitable principles not only prevents us from indulging feelings of extreme wrath or disgust, but partially qualifies us to pity or at least make some allowance for apparent inconsistencies surrounding us, and to regard them as frailties common to human nature. In this reasonable disposition real or ideal error in others appears to us of moderate magnitude, and a glimmering sense of their better properties breaks in upon our recollection, by which their reputation is in some degree preserved in our estimation, although a powerful current of prejudice and reproach be urged against them by an excited community. All persons endowed with ordinary intellectual powers possess some noble traits of mind; therefore all, notwithstanding their numerous peculiarities or imperfections, are justly entitled to a measure of sympathy and respect from their fellow-beings. God, according to His wisdom in creating us, formed different individuals with different abilities, virtues, and infirmities, which at once accounts for our so generally differing in opinion, inclination, and deportment from one another. A knowledge of this truth should of itself teach us charitable feelings, and show the absurdity of expecting others to always think or act according to our views when our natural propensities are so variously con-

stituted. The origin of error may in most instances be traced to some peculiar weakness, or the influence of improper surroundings, and we plainly expose our own weakness when, instead of manifesting strength of virtue by maintaining a meek, enduring spirit, we suffer trifling annoyances to hastily excite us to immoderate expressions of disrespect against those whose actions we disapprove. A want of charity is certainly conducive to the growth of both guilt and grief, its influence being calculated to magnify circumstances, exaggerate representations, injure reputation, produce wrath, create enemies, wound innocence, and too frequently cause the weak, the aged, the afflicted, the poor, and the backsliding, although not entirely destitute of estimable qualities, to fall unfortunate victims to remorseless censure and neglect, which adds double weight to their already oppressive burdens.

DAY BY DAY.

Day by day the helpless infant
Gathers strength to raise his head;
Day by day across his features
Brighter rays of sense are shed.

Day by day he makes advances
From an infant to a man;
Day by day his mind matureth,
The broad scene of life to scan.

Day by day he plans and labors,
Day by day his cares increase;

Day by day new schemes and passions
Tempt him from the path of peace.

Day by day the faded landscape
Regaineth its rich garb of green;
Day by day the fruitful harvest
Assumeth its perfected scene.

Day by day homesteads and cities
Rise, and change from new to old;
Day by day aspiring students
Long hid mysteries unfold.

Day by day man gaineth knowledge,
Day by day grows old and wise,—
Wise in judgment, old in habits,
Old in wrecks of earthly ties.

Day by day his locks grow hoary,
Day by day his eyes grow dim;
Day by day afflictions gather,
Stealing wonted strength from him.

Day by day the humble Christian
Learns to meekly bear the load
God's grace hath to him appointed,
While he treads life's rugged road.

Day by day the time allotted
To his portion rolls away;
Day by day he marches nearer
To his narrow bed of clay.

Day by day while pressing forward,
Death and judgment draweth nigh;
Day by day the soul approacheth
Portals of eternity.

LOOK ABOVE.

Oh, weary mourner, faint not on the road,
But nobly struggle forward 'neath thy load
Of care, affliction, injuries, and woe,
The soul's allotted portion here below,
Where human nature cannot bask in ease,
Nor finv smooth waters in life's changeful seas;
Faint not, nor doubt the safety of His love,
Who thus is teaching thee to look above.

Although the world its cruel lures employ
To steal away thy higher hope and joy;
Though friends forsake, and foes with scornful pride
Thy kind-intended actions oft deride;
Though they thy views of conscience rudely spurn,
And seek from duty's way thy feet to turn,
Believe the Lord knows all; He'll to thee prove
A friend, enabling thee to look above.

Wrath, malice, and revenge may day by day
Exert their power to chase delights away;
Sickness and stricken joys may cause a sigh
To pain thy heart or tears to dim thy eye;
Want and dependence may thy portion be,
Shrouding thy mind in dark despondency:

Amidst these trials look above in prayer,
And ask for strength to 'scape the tempter's snare.

Yes, cheerless mourner, look above for aid
To bear the weight that is upon thee laid;
'Tis there alone thou'lt find the helpful power
That can sustain in trial's gloomy hour.
God sees thy woes, His grace is able too
To bear thee up until thy journey's through;
Trust in His might, His wisdom, and His love,
Thy faith will be renewed to look above.

FORGET THE PAST.

THE past is gone; soul, let it go,
And bear its burdens with it;
The present yields sufficient woe
To deeply wound the spirit.

Ne'er ponder over former ill,
Which cannot be amended,
But rather seek thy task to fill
In what thou art attended.

The present shows enough to do,
Wouldst thou but strive to do it,
Without holding the past in view,
Or weights belonging to it.

Those weights oppressed when they occurred,
And painful seem as ever,

When they are in memory stirred,
Or borne adown time's river.

Why shouldst thou indiscreetly bind
Upon thy heart a feeling
Of gloom which should be left behind,
Thy present comforts stealing?

'Tis folly to obscure thy life
By bearing burdens double;
Therefore let former care or strife
Thy mind no longer trouble.

The past is gone; yea, let it go,
And waft its trials with it;
The shadows of the present throw
Enough upon the spirit.

INDUSTRY.

THERE are deep lessons of nature's teaching
E'en in the tiny insects' sphere;
Busy ants and laden bees are preaching
Man should for future want prepare.

Summer beams with plenteous hoards at present,
And earth displays a scene of joy;
But in the dim distance winter lurketh,
Life's outward comforts to destroy.

Instinctive insects foresee this danger
Approaching them with stealthy flight,

And labor every favored moment
To gather stores for winter's night;

That they a resource may have when trials,
Impending o'er their future fate,
Shall rudely descend in swift succession
Upon them with oppressive weight.

Human life hath also wintry seasons
Of age, misfortune, pain, and care,
Which in turn obscure our earthly pathway,
Producing shadows of despair.

Do we, like insects, wisely endeavor
In youth's summer hours to provide
For the winter of age and dependence,
Wherein active toil must subside?

Do we labor for mental improvement
Ere talents or strength are impaired,
That grim messengers, bearing afflictions,
Shall find us for trials prepared?

Yon spirit, who is striving to profit
By lessons allotted to him,
Will be strengthened to bear life's dark seasons,
However intense they may seem.

Thus by striving to follow the pointings
Of wisdom in patience and faith,
We in health's pleasant summer may gather
Treasures for the winter of death.

ACROSTIC.

JEALOUSY is a baneful root,
Ever producing evil fruit,
Alarming spirits without cause,
Laying basis of brawling noise;
Offensive acts to quick perceive,
Urging the mind them to believe,
Suspecting intents never meant,
Yielding false-founded discontent.

PERSEVERANCE AND PATIENCE.

PERSEVERANCE and Patience surely do aid
The willing to struggle through cares undismayed;
They lighten affliction, surmount present ill,
Disperse threatening danger, great wonders fulfill.
Their calm prevalence is conducive to health,
Their combined exercise accumulates wealth;
They lead to the fountain of mystery's stream,
They penetrate depths hid in science's theme;
They discover, invent, acquire, and sustain,
Without them ignorance, want, weakness would reign;
They're needful companions on time's varied path,
They're the beautiful offspring of hope and of faith;
They wrestle, they trust, they relieve, they endure,
The future improve, though the present's obscure;

They waft mortals above despondency's wave,
The spirit from fruitless bewailing they save.
Doubt not, honest reader, the truth of my rhyme,
Weigh well its maxims in the rough scale of time,
Though thy pathway be drear, and heavy the weight
Of changes and trials attending thy fate,
Thou'lt find perseverance and patience make strong
To press through all duties which to earth belong.

THE BIBLE.

PILGRIM, what are thy trials that thou goest mourning on thy way? Have friends betrayed thy love and confidence, enemies wronged thee with slander, malice, and scorn, afflictions tortured and debilitated thy frame, bereavements stricken thy wonted joys, Poverty placed her restricting hand upon thee, or temptations and weakness lured thee far from paths of wisdom and peace, shrouding thy once joyous spirit in the dark mantle of fear and remorse?

Should any or all of these be thy unhappy portion, repine not; but gratefully remember there is one unfailing source of strength and consolation remaining within thy power to approach.

This accessible source of necessary comfort, so wisely provided for every rational being, is simply the Bible, represented as the word of God, revealed to holy men of old, whom He blessed with an understanding of His marvelous power, and is the only reliable outward means whereby we can become rightly acquainted with the Divine character and plan of salvation. The pages of this sacred

volume are from the beginning to the end fraught with Divine commands, needful cautions, instructive comparisons, miraculous examples, and tender promises of wisdom, mercy, and power adapted to every condition wherein erring finite man is liable to be placed. Although a great portion of the Bible appears sealed to thy understanding, if thou truly believest and endeavorest to live according to the precepts contained therein, He who in infinite wisdom inspired the holy men of old to write it for the edification of all mankind will at seasons inspire thee to comprehend its mysteries and realize the importance thereof. Never wilt thou be better prepared to enjoy this precious privilege than in hours of distress, when every hope and prop upon which thou didst depend appears to be removed, and the beauties of this world tarnished in thy sight. Then and then alone wilt thou be fully sensible of thy own nothingness and need of Divine aid, to preserve thee in patience under various trials that attend thy tribulated journey through life; then it is thy proud, creaturely nature is entirely subdued, and a sincere willingness wrought in thee to seek counsel from Him who thou feelest is alone able to minister to thy exact situation. When self is truly abased, a seeking, prayerful, dependent spirit is experienced, which naturally prepares the mind to availingly commune with the Lord through the mysterious medium of the Bible. In this submissive frame of mind thou canst in faith listen to the silent teachings of His grace as He is pleased to offer them, by presenting to thy recollection line after line of His own scriptural language, whose mysteries thy trial-taught understanding can appreciate and apply to thy own particular state. Thus thou mayest under circumstances of every character find in the Bible a refuge filled with the refreshing waters of instruction, preservation, encouragement, and consola-

tion, wherein thou canst secretly bathe thy wearied soul independent of human aid or restriction.

WITHIN that book of holy writ
Kind promises are given,
To cheer the weary pilgrim on
His rugged course to heaven.

There's not a mind, howe'er so tried
With pain or sin or sadness,
Who may not in the Bible find
A source of strength and gladness.

To all that's tried with dark dismay
Those promises were given;
Then nobly struggle on thy way,
There's rest for thee in heaven.

LINES

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF J. MEREDITH.

WHEN last I grasped thy feeble hand and heard thy fond farewell,
Hope whispered we might meet again ere death would sound his knell
To summon thee from us, who loved thy presence here so well.

We left, and I with sad regret my future prospect viewed,
For even then stern fate decreed that change and distance would
Ere long prevent our meeting oft as I desired we should.

Oft since that day vain hope hath told of pleasures rich in store
For me, when I in future years might mingle as of yore
With thee and others whose loved forms I longed to meet once more.

But, ah! thou hast been called away, and hope's delusive dream
Is hushed 'neath stern reality's dark and remorseless stream,
Whose raging waves cannot be stayed, howe'er too great they seem.

Although we mourn to part with thee, yet why should we repine,
When we recall the past and view the portion that was thine,—
Bereavement, sorrow, pain, and care, dealt by a hand Divine?

Nor were thy own afflictions all that tried thy tender mind,
Thy eyes wept tears of sympathy for all the human kind
Who groaned beneath oppression's scourge, to sin and grief confined.

Through faith and mercy thou didst strive to urge each duty on,
Whilst light and strength of mind were thine to have thy work all done,
And then wait patiently to hear thy Master bid thee come.

And may thy wise example prove a lesson unto those
Who knew thy patience, meekness, love, which lasted to the close
Of thy long pilgrimage, when thou hadst hope of heaven's repose!

TO THE DESPONDING.

THE flowers are brightly springing
Within the forest grove;
The birds are sweetly singing
Their little songs of love.

Yet many hearts are weary
Midst nature's cheerful bloom;
They feel their pathway dreary,
And think life's all a gloom.

Why are ye thus desponding,
Sad pilgrims, on your way?
Though trials great surround you,
And clouds obscure your day,

Ye can derive no comfort
From yielding to despair;
It makes your path more thorny,
Your minds less strong to bear.

Raise up your drooping spirits,
And be resolved anew
To seize each harmless pleasure
The world may offer you.

List to the cheerful warblers,
See the flowers proudly wave,
As if to bid all nature
Share in the joys they have.

Ye are a part of nature,
Called by that happy band
To join in cheerful praising
Your Maker's bounteous hand.

His works are all dependent
On His almighty power;
And He will ne'er forsake them
In trial's darkest hour.

If earth's small things are guarded
By His protecting care,
Will He not think you worthy
His kindest love to share?

Then cease your sad repining,
Nor murmur at your lot;
Although your sky be darkened,
Still trust, you're not forgot

By Him who loves and chastens
His children for their good,
And bids them in their trouble
Seek peace and strength from God;

Who ne'er withholdeth comfort
When sought by those oppressed,
But pities all their sorrows,
And gives the weary rest.

COMPANY.

It matters not how great a throng
  I am surrounded by;
It matters not how gay their song,
  Or light their revelry:
They are no company for me,
Unless some kindred sympathy
Exists between their views and mine,
Our spirit's feelings to combine.

It matters not how high their name,
  Or gorgeous great their store;
It matters nothing whence they came,
  Nor what their deeds of yore:
Their deeds, their home, their store, their name,
Alike from me no homage claim,
Unless their present conduct be
What I approve in some degree.

I oft feel lonely in a crowd;
  Though mirth and converse flow
Without reserve among the group,
  No joy from it I know;
Because their sentiments appear
So far from those my heart holds dear,
I cannot share in their delight,
Nor with their practices unite.

I'd rather seek some lone retreat
  Where quietness doth reign,
Than opposite companions meet,
  Or they to entertain.
Kindred spirits feelings possess
Which yield each other happiness;
While real enjoyment cannot be
Derived from reverse company.

TRIALS.

Trials human nature wound,
  Trials dim the eye with tears,
Trials everywhere abound,
  Trials darken hopeful years.

Trials make the cheerful sad,
  Trials break life's strongest ties,
Trials cause delights we had
  To sink oft no more to rise.

Although trials' painful sting
  Our spirits with gloom o'ercast,
It possesseth power to bring
  Us to comfort's fount at last.

Trials earthly beauties stain,
  Trials wean from treasures here,
Trials teach us how to gain
  Treasures in a higher sphere.

Trials soften hardened will,
  Trials give new life to prayer,
Trials humble us to feel
  Need of God's protecting care.

Trials innate dross refine,
  Trials prove the Christian's faith,
Trials make our virtues shine,
  Trials fit the soul for death.

WHY ARE WE NOT HAPPY?

Why are we not happy while journeying on
Through this world which echoes with nature's glad song;
Where flowers bloom gayly, precious treasures abound,
And hope's brilliant prospects lie smiling around;
Where social companions exchange smile for smile,
Whose cheerfulness often our sorrows beguile;
Where youth is insnared with the soft voice of love,
And sincere-hearted friends their faithfulness prove?
Why are we not happy where scenes are so bright?
Because earthly pleasures are subject to blight,
Its friendships are fickle, and each cheering joy
Is dimmed by disappointment's cloud of alloy:
The sunshine of hope and streamlet of gladness
Being darkened at times by storms of sadness.
Our wills, our ambitions, also, oft prevent
Us from choosing the path that yieldeth content:
Unheeding the voice that rebukes us within,
Preferring allurements that leadeth to sin;
For this we're unhappy, and ever will be,
While carelessly gliding o'er time's heaving sea;

Its billows bewilder, deceive, and o'erwhelm
The bark that proceeds without God at the helm.
If we would be happy and true pleasure know
While passing the various changes below,
The will of our Master must govern and sway
His sceptre of justice in us day by day;
The shoals and the quicksands that lurk in our way
Wreck not our frail vessels if Him we obey.
His channels are wisdom, His compass is true,
He'll guide us in safety life's rough voyage through;
His anchor is steadfast, His harbor secure,
His wages are peace, faith, and hope to endure:
In His favor alone is happiness found;
Seek it there, and thy search with success will be crowned.

USEFULNESS.

STRICKEN mourner, indulge not thy irresolute feelings, nor sadly brood over the extent of thy bereavements, think not even for a moment thou art as a cumberer of the earth, unfitted for practical usefulness on account of being deprived of some abilities with which thou wast naturally gifted; but gratefully remember thou hast other talents spared yet, which, if rightly applied, will enable thee to perform many important services. While thy reason is permitted to retain its throne, thy heavenly Father, who is the author of every gift, will undoubtedly require an increased return of thy several talents from their application to various purposes beneficial to thyself and others with whom thou mayest be called to mingle. Although disease or accident may have prevented thee

from enjoying further physical activity, thou canst still labor for the advancement of mental improvement by reading, meditating, or solving the deep mysteries of many abstruse themes, whereby thou mayest become qualified to impart useful instruction to others whose opportunities of acquiring similar attainments are much inferior to thy own. Thy ear may be closed in silence to the enchanting murmurs of the rill, the warbling of the feathered throng, or the vocal intercourse of social companions; yet while thy eye can behold, thy mind comprehend, thy hand participate in necessary engagements of thy private home, and thy combined exertions render partial assistance to fellow-wayfarers journeying within thy view on life's road, thou canst perform a work of vital importance by contentedly laboring within a sphere adapted to thy remaining abilities. If prostrated on a bed of suffering, thou mayest there, yes, even there, be an instrument of much usefulness, teaching many instructive lessons by thy patient, submissive example, thereby so clearly evincing the reality of many Divine promises recorded in holy writ, that they who witness thy peaceful, enduring spirit may be led to admire and acknowledge the power of Him who so eminently qualified thee to thus minister to their edification. The light of thy outward eye having sunk forever in darkness doth not prevent thy mental eye from beholding the light of the Sun of righteousness, which, if abode in, will show thee various paths wherein thou canst labor for the promotion of general good: it will show thee when and how to caution the erring or offer consoling sympathy to the mournful and afflicted; it will enable thee to encourage by precept and example a desponding brother, to instruct the ignorant, or with open hands of charity to relieve much outward oppression existing among the poor and unfor-

tunate. Trifling as these humble services may appear to the restless longings of thy proud, ambitious nature, thou wouldst find, on remembering our Saviour's parable of feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, etc., they are really required duties in the course of Christian life, as He plainly declared, "That inasmuch as ye did these things unto one another, ye did them even so unto me." Thou canst offer no reasonable argument in defense of anxiously sighing after far-off and dim attainments which thou knowest are beyond thy power to secure, while the beautiful objects of simple nature lying around on every side are perpetually offering up their hymn of grateful content to that Being who brought them into existence the same as thee, and designated a respective sphere for each to fill. Wouldst thou carefully ponder the lessons of gentle instruction which bird, leaf, flower-laden bees, and busy ants are teaching, all thy restless yearnings would be silenced into peace, under a humbling sense of thy own unfaithfulness and ingratitude to Him who according to His wisdom allotted a lowly state to thee. Thou wilt find 'tis not by great achievements which excite loud applauses from the gazing crowd thou canst win the immortal crown, but by hearty striving to meekly tread the path wherein thy lot is providentially or accidentally cast; however humble, rugged, or lonely that path be, thou canst truly live or truly answer the designed purpose of thy creation.

TO ADA.

My absent one, I love thee dearly,
Better far than words can tell;
I would thou couldst still be near me,
Clouds of sorrow to dispel.

I miss thy gay and girlish prattle,
Thy quick step of youthful glee,
When headlong through all seeming danger
Thou went bounding forth from me,

To join thy comrades wild and giddy,
Sporting o'er the school-house lawn,
While the dark forest echoed loudly
With the voices of your throng.

I miss the pleasure of thy reading,
None is near to cheer my way,
And I in silent darkness sitting
All alone day after day.

Our rides and walks I well remember
To our neighbor's friendly hearth,
Where we of yore were wont to wander
For an hour of blameless mirth.

Though, Ada, child, those joys are over,
And thy feet now wander far
From all the scenes of merry childhood,
Treading where broad prairies are,

Cast, often cast a thought behind thee,
On the bliss of bygone days,
On dear Aunt Mary, who so kindly
Watched the errors of thy ways;

Who was thy friend when seemed no other,
Listening to thy tale of woe,
'Midst danger's slander, homeless orphan,
Thou wast roaming this world through.

Think fondly of thy aged grandfather,
Bending 'neath the weight of years,
Yet for thy comfort very anxious,
Striving much to soothe thy fears.

Let us not feel that our devotion
Has been placed amiss on thee,
Who from thy hours of helpless childhood
Claimed our tender sympathy.

Schoolmates and neighbors cherish feelings
Kind and true for thee, as one
With whom in former days they sported
Ere thou left thy native home

To journey over plains and mountains,
Rivers deep and forests tall,
To seek a father's kind protection
On the northern prairie soil.

Should future years strew in thy pathway
Flowers more brilliant than the past,
Forget not then thy old companions
Who were friends in trial's blast.

That distance, time, or change may never
  Blight attachments early made,
True friendship's golden links should ever
  Shine the same in sun and shade.

INVOCATIONS.

In thoughtful mood, oh, Father, Lord,
  I would draw nigh to Thee,
And wait for Thy in-teaching word
  To be revealed to me.
  To see Thee point the way,
  Wherein to walk each day,
Consistent with Thy righteous will;
  Looking to Thee alone
  For strength to struggle on
Until I Thy requirings fill.

I would approach Thy throne in faith,
  Would kiss the chastening rod;
Would I might die a righteous death
  And own Thee as my God!
  But oh! how slow to live
  A righteous life, or give
Self entirely into Thy hand!
  Willing to bear or do
  Whatever in Thy view
Appeareth proper to command.

I feel unable to do more
  Than cast my all on Thee,

And in simplicity implore
  Thy tender sympathy.
  I know I need Thy grace
  To show me my right place,
But also need a willing heart
  To cheerfully obey
  Thy voice when shown the way,
Rather than choose the erring part.

Thou knowest I am nothing more
  Than dust with breath within,
Wholly dependent on Thy power
  For might to conquer sin.
  Thou knowest, too, how oft
  I strive to look aloft
In search of some protection there,
  When Satan sends his dart
  Of anguish to my heart,
With force frail nature cannot bear.

Forgive then, Father, oh, forgive,
  Nature's defective deeds,
And at Thy mercy-seat receive
  The prayer my Saviour pleads!
  Close not Thy ear or eye
  To my soul's tears and cry;
Though I fall short of serving Thee
  As fully as I ought,
  In action, word, or thought,
Be pleased my refuge still to be.

Almighty God, Thy watchful eye
  Beholds each action here below,
Marks every rising tear and sigh
  That in my wounded spirit flow,

Thou seest why it is I grieve,
The injuries I strive to bear;
Thy ear is open to receive
My humble, trusting, silent prayer.

In secret thought I turn to Thee
When angry passions darkly fall,
When scorn or malice frown on me,
And feel assured Thou knowest all.

Oh, keep me near in danger's hour,
Nor let me faint upon the road,
Guard, guide, and strengthen by Thy power,
To rightly bear life's common load.

Grant patient meekness to endure
Excitement's harsh and hasty tone;
False accusation's painful sting
Was on my gracious Saviour thrown.

Though woes were His, He never fell,
His mocker's scorn He meekly bore;
In pain and death, the Scriptures tell,
He plead forgiveness with his gore.

By grace help me like Him to see
Opponents know not what they do;
Make me forget their erring deeds,
And feel forgiveness toward them too.

That as my heart with mercy swells,
And charity my thoughts command,
Mercy Divine may rest on me
When at the judgment-seat I stand.

Help me, O Lord, to say,
Thy will, not mine, be done;
Grant strength to tread the narrow way
Once trodden by Thy Son.

He well remembers yet
The sting of mockers' wrath,
And sore temptations which beset
The traveler on life's path.

He well remembers too
The frailty of my dust,
My need of aid Thy work to do,
Or e'en Thy wisdom trust.

My cup was His before
'Twas given unto me;
In pity, at Thy throne of power
He pleads my cause with Thee.

Then, Father, for His sake,
Help me to meekly bear
Each trial that shall overtake
Me while I journey here.

Be near when troubles lower,
Incline my heart to Thee;
Enable me by faith to soar
Far 'bove despondency.

That over dangers strewn
By error's cruel blast,
I may through faith in Thy dear Son
Prove conqueror at last.

THE BACHELOR.

A BACHELOR sad sat alone by the fire,
And thought of his comrades with envy and ire;
Comrades so wise in the morning of life
As to share their fate with a partner,—a wife.
A wife, who with judgment could broil them a fish,
Mend neatly their clothing, or wash them a dish;
Could chatter and smile, while the fire blazed high,
To reflect all her charms as the hours glided by.
"Oh, happy, thrice happy," this bachelor said,
"These comrades must feel on retiring to bed,
To know in the morning a handsome repast
Will be spread out before them without the dull task
Of applying the care of their own awkward head
To frying their meat and to baking their bread;
Whilst I, poor, lone wretch! must awake to the doom
Of making my bed and of brushing my room,
Prepare my own breakfast, and silently sit
Alone at the table my plain meal to eat;
Untutored, unskilled, to fling the dish-water
Roughly over my sullied tumbler and platter.
The hearthstone, the mirror, the casement, all show
The want of a dear hand to brighten their glow,
To twine the wild rose and the jasmine sweet
At the sides of the door till their branches would meet.
Oh, a hand and a heart that would meet me with smiles,
When at noon or at eve I return from my toils,
Would make me forget half the sorrows of life,
And rejoice in the day I married a wife!"

AND LET US NOT BE WEARY IN WELL-DOING: FOR IN DUE SEASON WE SHALL REAP, IF WE FAINT NOT.—GAL. VI. 9.

MOURNER, if thou hast never been favored with a sight of the beauty of this encouraging language in seasons when trials of various character afflicted thy tender mind to an extent that caused thy natural fortitude to give way beneath their weight, if thou hast not been awakened to a just sense of the significance of this caution, which continues to be as necessary and instructive at the present day as when it was first declared, pause now and consider how oft thou art weary in well-doing, how oft when encompassed with circumstances which cross thy nature thou, instead of striving to overcome with watchfulness and prayer evils which arise in thy way, yieldest to impatience, fretfulness, fruitless grief, murmuring, or repining, until thy harassed mind becomes so far overpowered by their pernicious influence that thou feelest unable to longer endure the trials of life, and anxiously yearns to be released therefrom, wholly forgetting the cross is the only means whereby thou canst expect to receive the promised reward. The innate reluctance of human nature to meekly abide under the cross of trials is the great stumbling-block whereon thy good resolutions are so frequently wrecked, the barrier that so easily obstructs thy progress in spiritual improvement, causing thee to unconsciously fall into the above-mentioned gross errors, which, when rightly considered, are plain indications of weariness in well-doing, losing hold of faith, fainting on the

way, indulging weakness, encouraging the enemy, yielding to temptation, and shrinking from services Divinely required of thee to perform. Thou canst plead no ignorance of knowing the way, canst offer no other apology for thy unfaithfulness than unwatchfulness or unwillingness to obey the inspeaking voice of wisdom, which at all times, in all places, under all circumstances, would wisely direct, instruct, encourage, sustain, and preserve thee in well-doing, whereby thou wouldst experience a qualification to journey on in comparative safety amidst confusion, temptation, and distress. Submission to crosses of every character is the first and only safe step to be taken toward attaining to a resigned, patient spirit, without which thou art wholly unable to keep on thy guard against approaching dangers, to surmount present difficulties, to persevere in good resolutions, or even hope, through faith in the reality of Divine promises, to reap in due season a rich harvest of joy from seeds laboriously sown in sorrow. If thou wouldst enjoy a foretaste or secure a well-grounded hope of life eternal, thou must allow Patience to have her perfect work, wrestle to the end against temptations which daily surround thee, remembering it is not until thy course is finished, thy spirit's warfare entirely completed, thou canst receive the immortal crown.

SOUL, be not weary in well-doing,
But nobly struggle on thy way,
Though wrongs, temptations, pain, and sorrow
Attend thy earthly course each day.

Be not discouraged nor affrighted,
Though thy allotted work be great;
Toil on, and hope by hearty striving
To reap joys of far greater weight.

Faint not, nor doubt the promised blessing,
A rich reward awaits thy end;
'Tis won alone by faithful wrestling,
And trusting in the sinner's Friend.

Faint not, nor seek to 'scape thy burden
Ere the due harvest-time is come,
Ere thou art bid to cease from labor,
And find rest in thy Master's home.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

The past, the past is gone forever,
Whether wisely spent or not;
The future is not, may be never,
Granted to our earthly lot.

The past was fraught with many lessons
Calculated to improve;
The future, should we live to see it,
May to us less favored prove.

The past was mingled joy and sorrow,
Good and evil, hope and fear;
The future will alike be mottled
With alternate changes here.

The past we can no more recover,
Though our deeds we may regret;
The future ne'er can fill the breaches
Error in the past hath set.

The past is gone, and gone forever,
Bearing with it wasted powers;
The future is to us uncertain,
The present alone is ours.

THE BLIND GIRL'S LAMENT.

I HEAR people talk of the beautiful flowers
In brilliant array decorating the bowers;
Their numberless species, form, odor, and hue,
Are a subject of chat the long summer through.
Their form I can feel, I their odor can smell,
Of their various tints I nothing can tell;
Their appearance I strive to picture in mind:
How vain the attempt, I'm blind, oh, I'm blind!

I hear people talk of the rainbow on high,
Of planets that shine in the clear azure sky,
Of the beauty of sunset gilding the west,
Of morning's pale light in the dim distant east.
I hear the sweet sounds of the wild feathered tribe,
But their plumage is not for me to describe;
Though around me these beauties constantly shine,
I cannot enjoy them, I'm blind, oh, I'm blind!

I hear people talk of achievements of art,
Of wonders the lessons of science impart;
I hear, but to me outward things are obscure,
My portion is not to behold but endure.
My path is devoid of a luminous flame,
Before me, above, all around, is the same;
Wherever I roam, only darkness I find,
I scarce know what light is, I'm blind, oh, I'm blind!

LABOR.

We retire to our rest when shadows of night
Closely conceal the bright sun from our view,
But anxiously watch for the early dawn's light
That we may timely our labor pursue.

We rise, and with earnest ambition perform
Each task that we think will add to our store;
We regard not fatigue, care, sunshine, or storm,
If of worldly gain we can gather more.

We plead the great need of providing for age
Or sickness while time and talents are spared;
We're quick in enriching pursuits to engage,
Happy in thinking we're for life prepared.

But, alas! how many, while toiling to win
An ample supply for sickness or age,
Forget the great need of a labor within,
In which we cannot too early engage!

There's a life of eternal comfort or woe,
To follow our natural life on earth;
For which to prepare it is needful to know
Our minds are acquiring treasures of worth.

It is needful to watch the dawning of light
God's grace to the spirit clearly imparts,
That our mental work be accomplished aright
Ere the bright sun of our reason departs.

INNOCENCE.

How happy is that pilgrim's lot,
How free from every anxious thought,
Whose guarded care to watch within
Preserves him from the snares of sin !
He is exempt from shame or fear,
His acts will close inspection bear,
Whoever he may chance to meet
He can with full assurance greet.
Remorse or dread mar not his rest,
While innocence dwells in his breast,
Her presence yields content and peace,
Her power to soothe will never cease.
Amidst confusion or distress
She calmly whispers quietness;
A conscious sense of having done
The right, or having error shunned,
Preserves the mind from doubt or gloom
When summoned to the narrow tomb.
If we on all occasions would
Withstand the tempter's lures from good,—
If we in virtue would be strong
When conscience points the right from wrong,
E'er choosing innocence to be
The standard of our destiny,
Our words, our actions, to control,
And fit for life or death the soul,—
Our present load would be more light,
Our future prospect far more bright,

No recollections of the past
Would then disturb our peace at last.
Oh, could we bear in mind this thought,
What care, what caution, would be taught!

HOME.

My childhood's home, thy banks and streams,
Loved beauties 'neath my native sky,
Ye still are mine in fancied dreams,
Though heights and depths between us lie.

Though fortune bids that I should roam
'Midst stranger haunts in distant clime,
Long will the memory of thy charms
Within my heart's recesses twine.

Though stranger haunts, and stranger forms,
In future years should have for me
Some charm for which my bosom yearns,
And once was wont to gain from thee,

E'en then fond memory will recall,
Ye rock-clad banks, youth's loved retreat,
Where oft in bygone days I roamed
With friends I never more shall meet.

For eyes are dim, and hearts are cold,
That once pulsated warm and quick,
Responding to some kindred mind
In fonder tones than words could speak.

And others, whom the hand of death
  Has spared awhile to stem life's tide,
Were lured from ye, our native haunts,
  And now are scattered far and wide.

Though strangers now roam through thy groves,
  And friends beloved are far away,
Still, all thy scenes possess a charm
  For me, which never can decay.

Yes, in each grove and rock and stream
  My fancy views some past delight,
Which clings more closely round my heart
  Since fate removed me from their sight.

Yet I could bid each hill and vale
  Bloom on with crops and flowerets fair,
As when of yore they bloomed for me,
  Producing treasures rich and rare.

And oft in silent, sorrowing hours
  I feel a hope within me rise,
That I again in future years
  Might bask beneath my native skies.

That I again might listen to
  The streamlet, as it ripples o'er
The rocks, with the same merry mirth
  As when I heard its sound before.

That I once more might tread the mead
  And garden where in youth I roved;
Although I ne'er again may grasp
  The hands of some whose voice I loved.

DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

Few persons endowed with ordinary intellectual powers, and favored with enlightened opportunities, are so depraved as not to desire to die a righteous death; but far too few are sufficiently willing to prepare for such a death by endeavoring to live a righteous, self-denying life, until alarmed with a sight of the pale messenger's near approach. Human life has been compared to a day of twelve hours, which closes in darkness, wherein no man can work; and the more seriously I meditate upon the comparison, the more clearly I perceive the propriety thereof, knowing as many days are much shortened by the dark shadows of a stormy night, obscuring the earth at a premature hour, so in like manner dark shadows of disease, producing insensibility or death, frequently overtake mankind at a premature age, whereby many are unexpectedly deprived of time or opportunity to accomplish spiritual labor. I have no reason to doubt the peaceful close of many who lived a profligate life until prostrated upon a bed of irremediable sickness, when through Divine mercy they were favored with time and reason to see their end was near, and their want of being prepared to meet it; nor have I any greater reason to doubt the danger of disregarding the impulse of Divine grace at the time it appeareth unto us with a prospect of obtaining peace through repentance and forgiveness at what is termed the eleventh hour. I have not quite completed my forty-ninth year; yet, on reflecting, can recall more than double that number of unconscious deaths which occurred within my knowledge during that period of time. I have known

youths treading the most flowery paths of earth, who were by accident suddenly hurled from a state of mortal existence without one moment's warning, to glance at the past or the future, while others of different ages, removed more gradually from time to eternity by the power of disease, were stricken down into utter insensibility, the darkness of which prevented them from beholding their real situation or having an opportunity at that solemn hour to repent. Although such instances furnish indisputable evidence of the uncertainty of life as well as the uncertainty of what our mental condition may be when placed upon a dying bed, we frequently meet with persons who seem to be fully sensible of being accountable creatures, gifted with souls which must at the end of time appear before a Supreme Judge to be sentenced to eternal bliss or woe, according to the deeds done while in the body, yet sensible as they seem to be of all this, willfully reject every caution against practices which they know are open violations of the commands of God, preferring to risk the safety of their eternal peace to the narrow chance of imploring pardon in approaching dissolution.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MY ELDEST BROTHER WHILE UNDER AFFLICTION.

Ah, brother dear, my feelings melt
With tender sympathy for thee;
Having the same affliction felt
That clouds thy present destiny.

'Tis sad to think that thou and I,
The eldest of our childish band,
Should each have light in days gone by,
In age each must in darkness stand.

We were companions in our youth,
At home, at school, in joys, in cares,
But seem unable now to soothe
Each other in declining years.

Though distance, darkness, poverty,
Forbid aid in the outward sense,
Methinks our mental powers may lend
Support in ways of worth immense.

We may encourage and console
Each other on our toilsome way,
And with sincerity of soul
For one another's safety pray.

Yes, brother, though we are bereft
Of nature's gifts in some degree,
If we employ the talents left,
We yet may of much service be:

Of service in the hand of God,
By precept and example too;
Then let us struggle on our road,
And fill the task we find to do.

Think not, tried one, because I write
With seeming calmness of my lot,
I have of doubting hours lost sight,
Or nature's weaknesses forgot.

I would not check the flowing tear,
  Nor chide the heavy, rising sigh,
When sore oppression shades with fear
  The future prospect of thy sky.

I know, alas! too well I know
  The trials of a darkened state,
The ills that from dependence flow,
  The torture of afflictions' weight.

I would I could thy woes assuage,
  Would I could proffer outward means
Whereby infirmities of age
  Might feel secure from scanty scenes.

But since such favored power is not
  My happy portion to possess,
Let us in faith commit our lot
  To Him who doth affliction bless.

That we, amidst the sable gloom
  Which doth obscure our journey here,
May picture light beyond the tomb,
  Eternal in a Higher sphere.

A RESOLUTION.

LET others shun the narrow way,
Or jest of duties given,
I will not jest the same as they
Of favors sent from Heaven.
Let them profane expressions make,
Or scorn the sacred word,
The course which leads to peace I'll take
And strive to serve the Lord.

He hath to me in kindness shown
The sinfulness of sin;
Taught me His righteous cause to own,
Eternal life to win.
He hath my spirit made alive
By holy grace to see,
We are not Christians lest we strive
'Gainst Satan's victory.

While many wander from His feet
And join the erring throng,
He still in mercy seeth meet
To show me right from wrong
Since He is pleased to thus unfold
His purposes to me,
I'll strive to be one of His fold
And serve Him faithfully.

Although He may at times appoint
  Strange work for me to do,
I know He will my powers anoint
  With might to struggle through.
He'll grant me strength to meekly bear
  Derision for His name,
If I make it my chiefest care
  His goodness to proclaim.

Others may trifle years away,
  Abuse each noble power,
Defer the labor of their day
  Till the eleventh hour.
I covet not the transient joy
  Of folly's light reward,
But choose my talents to employ
  In ways that please the Lord.

EMPLOYMENT.

Employment doth beguile
  The weight of moments, while
Beneath some grievous cross we stand;
  The sting of grief or pain
  Is oft forgotten when
Close engagements our thoughts demand.

We find no time to brood
  O'er shadows which intrude
Upon the lustre of our way,

While earnest toil and care
Our chief attention share
Through each period of the day.

It matters not the name
Of tasks, by which we aim
To gain relief from burdens here,
Each task doth power possess
To yield forgetfulness
Of ills which make our pathway drear.

Books, work, or healthful play,
Though different, each may
Alike divert the harassed mind,
Each afford partial rest
At intervals at least,
Whence drooping spirits comfort find.

Oh that all would believe
The pleasure they receive
Who carefully employ their time,
Instead of wasting days
In fruitless, mournful ways,
While they life's rugged pathway climb!

More happy and more wise
The scene that round us lies
Would seem, did mortals in distress
Their every power employ
In acts of harmless joy,
Rather than churlish fretfulness.

Grief amends not the past,
Nor restores what is lost;

Then ne'er indulge sad brooding o'er
The common ills of life,
Laden with gloom and strife,
But seek employment's cheering power.

STORMS.

THE day is cold, the sky is dark,
The autumn winds are sighing,
And scattered snowflakes place a mark
On beauties drooping, dying.

What care I for the outward storm
That howls around my dwelling,
While sheltered from all threatening harm
In rude elements swelling?

What care I for the blighting chill
That withers nature's beauties,
While by the fireside snug and still
Musing upon life's duties?

I heed it not, though dark the sky
And loud the rough winds sighing,
While peace and plenty linger nigh
I've joy's full satisfying.

But, oh, how sad I feel when clouds
Of envy near me hover;
When wrath and censure's homely shroud
My wounded spirit cover!

Then grief and fear obscure my mind
And blight each cheerful feeling,
So that where'er I roam I find
No solace, sorrow healing.

Of all the ills that fill our lot,
None are to be lamented
More than mental storms which are not
Oft properly repented.

They dim the brightest eye with tears,
They mar home's choicest treasures,
They darken our most hopeful years
And rob us of just pleasures.

Then let us strive to guard within
'Gainst wounding one another,
And check the growth of every sin
That wrongs a fellow-brother.

ACROSTIC.

Afflictions, though they're oft in mercy sent,
Feel to our nature far from mercies lent,
Far from the plan by which we would begin
Life here to spend or life above to win;
In pain or grief alone we feel how weak,
Corrupt, and slow we are the Lord to seek.
The stain afflictions cast on earthly views
Inclines our hearts the better part to choose,
Opens our mental eyes to clearly see
Naught but God's grace can set the spirit free.

Comfort proceeds from crosses' pinching weight,
Our peace we seek when bowed by adverse fate;
Minds learn submission, grateful anthems sing
From lessons taught by sharp affliction's sting;
Our faith is proved, our hope of future joy
Revives, when pain present delights destroy;
The dross of metal is by heat refined,
So trial's heat refines the dross of mind.

Christians appreciate the wise design
Heaven hath planned to make their virtues shine,
Redeemed from dangers innate errors spread
In strange disguise around the path they tread;
Sustained by faith in Him, who tried before
The scorching flames of all they now endure,
In patience safely struggle on their way.
Although obstructions meet them day by day,
No ills alarm; they know the chastening rod
Strikes not in wrath, but to turn souls to God.

SILENCE.

How safe, peaceful, discreet, and irresistible, is the power of silence. Even those of immoral principles are instinctively compelled at times to acknowledge its rebuking effects, having defeated and mortified their evilly intended insults towards innocent persons. The influence of silence is so admirably calculated to prevent contention, counteract wrath, discourage slander, sustain innocence, secure respect, promote and preserve peace, that it may be justly considered a safe refuge accessible to all from peculiar dangers and errors. Every careful observer will admit that much of the evil existing in the world arises from unguarded expressions. Heartrending grief or guilt may be incurred by a few words incautiously spoken in an improper manner. Consequently he who gives due heed to silence not only escapes the danger of exciting others to error, but in many instances escapes having his own feelings wounded by unjust censure or retort from retaliating opponents, whereby he realizes safe protection from guilt, reproach, fear or shame. In silence a man can peaceably enjoy his own sentiments, however different they may be from the sentiments of those around him. By meditating in silence great minds solve the deep mysteries of important discoveries and inventions.

In silence the inward whisperings of Divine grace, which points the right from wrong in every human heart, are most perceptible. In silence every rational being can appreciate best his own private trials and errors, and

clearly comprehend the exact points wherein his spirit is at variance with the Spirit of God. In silence each individual, however or wherever situated, can availingly petition the Divine favor adapted to his own peculiar need, and receive a consoling response thereto, independent of outward ceremony, aid or restriction. In short, silence is a season fraught with extraordinary privileges, beneficial to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the whole human family.

GUARD well thy lips, for who can know
What evil from the tongue may flow,
What guilt or grief may be incurred
By one incautious, hasty word.
Unkind remarks or censure wrong
May bring vice to another's tongue,
Or anguish to a guileless heart
Unable to endure the smart.
'Tis not thy call, contentious man,
Thy fellow-brother's faults to scan.
One task is thine, and one alone,
It is to watch and check thy own.
Do this, and silence will ensue;
Thou'lt find thy own enough to do.

MARYLAND.

MARYLAND, thou land of sorrow,
Where of yore thy children sighed,
Where beneath the scourge of tyrants
Groaning slaves for mercy cried;

Where, for love of shining silver,
Men of sordid feelings spread
Sanction to a trade of torture,
Careless of the hearts that bled.

Careless of the ties of nature
Which God to all mankind gave,
Cruel statesmen framed a statute
Human beings to enslave.

Oh, the horrors which that action
Spread throughout thy wide domain
To thy name have brought a stigma
Which on thee will long remain.

Years may pass, but thy dark errors
Long will bear their native stain;
Hearts and homes thy customs ravaged
Their sad memories will retain;

Will record them to the coming
Offspring of thy future years,
Who will scorn the deeds their kindred
Suffered from thy vicious snares.

Not they alone, other nations
Join in censure and disgust
At the wrongs of human bondage,
Cruel, wretched, and unjust.

Christian light at length hath kindled
Her clear sympathetic flame
In the minds of modern statesmen,
Driving slavery to shame,

Breaking down the pomp of tyrants,
  Drying tears in weeping eyes,
Spreading joy throughout thy borders,
  Causing drooping hope to rise.

Brighter days seem dawning on thee,
  Freedom lends her cheering rays
To the prospect of the public
  Actions of thy future days.

Stranger hearts no longer fear thee,
  But seek homesteads on thy soil,
While the smiles of happy freedom
  Give a grace to honest toil.

May thy new-born life continue
  To improve with growing age,
Till oppression's name be blotted
  From thy record's varied page.

May the Lord of wisdom bless thee,
  Grant thee plenty, health, and ease,
Crown thy act of Christian mercy
  With prosperity and peace.

GO ON.

Pilgrim, shrink not; thou must go on,
Though drear thy journey be;
There is no tranquil rest upon
The surface of life's sea;
No place or state existeth here
In which there's naught to do or bear.

Go on, and meekly bear the weight
Allotted unto thee;
Where'er thou'rt called, what'er thy fate,
Guard 'gainst despondency;
In every state, in every place,
There is some cause for thankfulness.

Go on; thy God will have it so.
He planneth all things right;
He gifted thee with powers to know
What's pleasing in His sight.
Be not dismayed, He watcheth well
The waves that round thy vessel swell.

Go on, nor for a moment dare
To think He dealeth hard;
The more He giveth thee to bear
The more He'll thee reward.
He often hath, and will again
Renew thy strength, when trials reign.

Go on, until thy labor here,
'Midst changes smooth and rough,
Is done, and He in accents clear
Shall say, It is enough.
He'll guide thee safely to His throne,
And give thee an immortal crown.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

WHERE are the loved ones who filled the list
Of my friends in happier days;
Ere care, woe, and affliction had taught
Me the truth of life's fickle ways?

Where are the friends with whom I so oft
In childhood's bright days sported free;
When we rushed forth from bondage of school
For an hour of frolicksome glee?

Where are the friends I loved to caress
And commune with in riper years,
As we carelessly roamed the green haunts
Which echoed with youth's merry cheers?

Where are the friends, I ask my lone heart,
Who once filled our family hearth;
Sharing my every sorrow and joy
That sprang in the rough path of earth?

Where are they now that I thus recall,
The various friends I have known?
Methinks memory seems whispering sad,
Alas, they are scattered and gone!

The gay light-hearted comrades of youth,
The graver companions of age,
The partners of domestic events,
Have all felt the rude hand of change.

Many fair ones were lured by love's voice
From their native threshold to stray;
Others, anxious for gain or renown,
Are roaming in lands far away.

Some, who once basked in plenty and ease,
Feel want in their household to reign;
Beauties, blooming with vigor and health,
Have yielded to weakness and pain.

On the brow of the young and the aged
The cold hand of death hath been laid;
And hearts that were true, now are estranged,
Shrouding joy and hope in deep shade.

A few loving, long-tried, faithful ones,
Still linger around my dark way,
Lending helpful enjoyment at times
To brighten the gloom of my day.

Thus sad memory records events
Attending sly time in its flight;
Though her record is varied and true,
It affords me some thoughts of delight.

KINDNESS.

How sweet, when hope sinks into dejection,
And stern reality exerts her power,
To feel the solace of true affection
And sympathy attend that gloomy hour
Of sorrow,
Which stripped our path of its most precious flowers.

'Tis then an act of steadfast devotion,
A tear of pity, or a soothing word,
Imparts relief to each sad emotion
Which trials have within the bosom stirred,
Preventing
Inward whisperings of peace from being heard.

The name and form of life's trials differ,
Yet all produce a pang of mental pain;
Each doth encroach upon some wonted pleasure
The yearning mind desireth to retain.
Not seeing
Our present loss, may be our future gain.

The pain of bereavement or affliction,
The burthening weight of anxious toil and care,
The anguish of wrath, neglect, and slander,
Lose half their sting when pity feels a share,
Or kindness
Lends to the heart its soothing power to bear.

Oh that all would cherish feelings tender,
To scan and lighten one another's load;
By true sympathetic actions render
Support to fellow-travelers on life's road,
Which leadeth
Through thorns to the worn spirit's last abode.

Gentle tones, or deeds of soft compassion,
Cost not the donor aught he cannot spare;
He who receives them receives a blessing
Which partly dries the stricken mourner's tear:
A blessing
The child of sorrow finds not everywhere.

TO ADDIE,

ON HER SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

Dear girl of sixteen summers, though far away from me,
Thy name I fondly cherish, with anxious hope for thee.
The sports of merry childhood no longer claim thy care,
Delights of riper nature thy chief attention share.
Years of weighty womanhood now dawn upon thy brow,
With beams of care and pleasure that shall attend thee now;
Oh, mayest thou shun the dangers that lurk in paths of youth,
'Neath tints of pleasing colors, to tempt thee from the truth.
The sun of sixteen summers has rolled above thy head,
And of thy young companions another one has fled:

She whom thee loved so dearly, on April's eighteenth day,
Was called to leave her kindred, and pass from earth away.
She was not only willing to leave this world of woe,
But patiently awaited the time when she might go,—
When she might cease to suffer disease's painful power,
Which did continue heavy until her latest hour.
She was, my dearest Addie, the second friend of thine
Whom death has called so early to quit the scenes of time;
The sun of sixteen summers, the winds of sixteen springs,
Thus blighted hopes thee cherished 'neath youth's deceptive wings;
Oh, may it teach thee wisdom the present to improve,
And not neglect in season to place thy hopes above;
That, when the clouds of sorrow shall darkly hover near,
Thou'lt have a stable anchor thy wounded mind to cheer.
Affliction, care, and trouble attend our earthly way,
But Christ our great Redeemer will prove a certain stay;
If we rely upon Him, and strive to do His will,
He every gracious promise will unto us fulfil.
Should sixteen years in future strew pleasures in thy way
More lasting than attended thy childhood's transient day,
Forget not all the lessons the past hath offered thee,
But strive to bear misfortunes with patient dignity,
That when thy toils are over, thy spirit's warfare ceased,
Thou'lt join thy friends in Heaven to live in endless peace;
There to be of the number the sinless Lamb of God
Hath cleansed from innate error, and purchased with His blood.

EVIL THOUGHTS ARE SIN.

Evil thoughts are sin, said a piously-minded old woman, while endeavoring to impart some religious instruction to her little nephew, who stood by her bed near the close of her last sickness. Although the remark was intended to suit the immature comprehension of a child, it bears sufficient weight to convey an important lesson to more experienced minds. It is well known that the whole human family naturally possess more or less of what are termed the animal propensities of mankind, which alternately rise beyond their ordinary limits, and produce a variety of evil thoughts, actions, and consequences; yet so shortsighted is finite nature, and so general the prevalence of those errors, that we are rarely sensible of the real sinfulness of their existence. No careful observer can deny trifling amusements, disdainful deportment, dishonorable dealings, erroneous suspicions, harsh tones, disrespectful expressions, cherished enmity, direct and indirect injuries, and needless murmurs, are our common attendants in life, which on serious reflection must be acknowledged as errors resulting from a spirit of levity, pride, avarice, jealousy, wrath, strife, malice, resentment, or fretfulness, and furnish confirming evidence of the existence of improper thoughts.

Surely, every unprejudiced mind will agree with me in thinking whatever is improper is wrong, whatever is wrong is evil, whatever is evil is sinful; therefore evil thoughts are sin, because they proceed from and strengthen a disposition which is absolutely incompatible with the precepts of the Holy Scriptures.

It matters not by which one of our evil propensities we are influenced, thoughts arising therefrom are of an evil character, and have a demoralizing tendency, their prevalence being calculated to encourage temptations, frustrate the confirmation of good impressions, impede the exercise of virtuous resolutions, destroy a relish for instructive entertainments, and prevent us from discerning the actual sinfulness of our course, by hardening our spirits, and darkening our perception of the inward pointings of Divine grace. The indulgence of evil thoughts begets in us a habit of unprofitable meditation, whereby time, talents, and opportunities are wasted instead of being improved, as they should be, by our devoting them to noble pursuits, beneficial to ourselves or others, for which purpose we were created, and will be required to render an account to the Author of our lives when called to exchange time for eternity.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

Go search that book of Holy Writ,
  It testifies of Him
Who is the Way, the Truth, the Life,
  That leadeth us from sin.

Go search that book, it clearly shows
  He is the only door
Through which poor erring man can hope
  To find redeeming power.

Go search that book, it testifies
  He is the Lamb of God,

Who came to cleanse us from our sins
By His atoning blood.

Go search that book, it teaches us
We must endure the cross,
Deny our innate love of wrong,
Lest our soul's peace be lost.

Go search that book, its pages glow
With promises supreme;
Of hope and wisdom, love and power,
Through Jesus' holy name.

ROW YOUR OWN CANOE.

SOUL, covet not thy neighbor's gorgeous store,
Nor envy him his luxuries or bliss,
No shelter seek within another's door,
On other's aid depend not for success;
But plunge thyself into the stream of toil,
With firm resolve to let no trifle foil
Thy efforts to obtain the prize in view,
And independent row thy own canoe.

Thy God according to His wisdom hath
Endowed thee with a share of noble powers,
Although thy lot be cast within a path
Where fortune hath not strewn her brilliant flowers;
Wouldst thou ascend to splendor's gaudy throne,
Such as thou seest others proudly own,
Pain not thy life with envious desires,
But urge thy powers to what thy heart aspires.

Thou art as able to attain to skill
As they who labored with success before;
As able some important task to fill
As they who opened hidden themes of yore.
With patient energy thy powers apply
To reach the state for which thou dost most sigh,
Nor idly rest with envying those who seem
Blest with a smoother voyage down life's stream.

By self-exertion only thou canst know
A certain pathway to success or fame;
A welcome shelter in this world of woe,
Freedom from selfish prejudice or blame.
Although thou thinkest some have hoards to spare,
Think not they wish those hoards with thee to share,
Farther than make thee pleasantly their guest,
Then leave thee to thyself to work the rest.

Wouldst thou possess thy neighbor's favored lot
Waste not thy days in sighing after gain;
But with good resolution dally not
To launch thy bark upon adventure's main.
Wait not for aid, depend on naught but self,
And Heaven's blessing, to secure thy pelf;
In time thou'lt win; though fortunes gather slow,
They're sure to those who row their own canoe.

BEREAVEMENT AND CONSOLATION.

Alas! how sad I often feel
In my dark, silent state,
While those around me can enjoy
Each other's friendly chat!

They sport and jest in merry turn,
Or talk in graver tone;
While I though present have to sit
Silent, as if alone.

The beauty of earth's richest dyes,
The sunset's milder rays,
The rainbow tints, and star-lit skies,
Are hidden from my gaze.

Disease hath partly closed my ear,
Quite robbed my eye of sight;
Grace, Faith, and Hope are most that now
Lend my drear pathway light.

My fate seems hard to human choice,
And wounded nature's tear
Unbidden falls upon my cheek
To tell the woes I bear.

But, oh, how weak to thus consent
O'er transient ills to brood,
Since I am told that whom God loves
He chastens for their good!

He doth not willingly afflict
Nor grieve is child ren here,
'Tis but to break the power of sin
And wean us from this sphere.

Shall I defeat His wise design
And waste my days in tears,
Ungrateful for remaining gifts
Which He in mercy spares?

Ah, no, I'll cherish faith and hope,
And strive to kiss the rod
He hath applied to turn my feet
From error's fatal road.

Although my outward path is dark,
And almost silent too,
My mental eye and ear retain
Their power His will to know.

These precious gifts were surely meant
To be employed in ways
More noble and instructive than
Deploring gloomy days.

While reason doth retain her throne
I have a work to do,—
A work important to myself
And to my Maker due.

Would I devote my time and mind
More fully to His will,
My thoughts would be absorbed in themes
That would my sorrows still.

My mental eye could then behold
The wisdom He hath planned,
The strength of His sustaining power,
And mercy of His hand.

My mental ear could hear His voice
The work and way proclaim,
Wherein He'd have my spirit tŏil
And magnify His name.

I would advance His righteous cause,
Would tread the narrow way;
But feeble nature will rebel
And lure me far astray.

I know that's why I often muse
Unhappy o'er my fate;
I know that's why I fail to win
The joys of priceless weight.

Yet I will ask my Father, Lord,
To deal with feelings mild,
And listen patient to the cries
Of His unworthy child.

I'll ask for strength to meekly bow
And trust in Him alone,
Till plants of peace shall spring in me
From seeds in sorrow sown.

MARRIAGE.

THE wedding is over, the bride and bridegroom
Are bound to each other through sunshine and gloom;
Their lot is the same, they together must brave
The calms and the tempests on Time's changeful wave;
The misfortunes of one the other must share,
With frailties of mind they alike have to bear.
Yet solemnly binding as marriage appears,
The bridegroom and bride seem devoid of all fears;
They flourish and sport as if sorrow or strife
Could ne'er reach their bark on the ocean of life;
Their short-tried devotion suspects not the weight
Of changes and trials awaiting their fate;
The nuptial's gay scenes dazzle their present sight
From dangers which lurk in the future's dim light.
Alas! wedded couple, although you begin
Your journey with joy, thorns too soon will spring in;
Fond as your hearts are you will find, ere you sail
Many years, rough winds your joined voyage assail;
Your partnership's march will not always afford
Entire unison of thought, action, or word;
Pursuits and opinions delightful to one
Will oft be of a cast the other would shun.
Censure, opposition, and wrath will ascend
To a height that will your affections offend;
Beauty's blooming cheek and youth's strong, active form
With time's burdening cares will lose their power to charm.
Think not you can always with patience endure
And smile beneath clouds which your prospects obscure;

Will always be ready kind actions to lend,
Or soft-spoken words, when afflictions attend.
Think not, though you promise before God above
Until death each other to cherish and love,
You always will strive to hold sacred this vow
And amidst earth's crosses love fondly as now.
Ah, no, be assured human strength is too frail
To stand on the watch-tower when trials prevail;
No mind is so perfect, so prudent, or true,
As to constantly keep life's duties in view;
No love is so pure that impatience, neglect,
Will not rise at times e'en toward those we respect;
No path is so smooth that misfortune or pain
Doth not o'er its surface successively reign.
Therefore events likely to darken your day
Are but common attendants on time's varied way;
They're not confined solely to one, but to all,
The fruit they produce is offensive as gall.
The beautiful language of the marriage vow
Shields not from these shadows the sensitive brow;
So humble your feelings, and solemnly pray
To keep the promise made on your wedding-day.

DEPENDENCY.

None except those who have been tried can imagine how saddening it is to human feelings to be dependent, nor how sharp the sting of apparently trifling consequences frequently resulting therefrom. It matters not in what manner we are dependent nor by what peculiar means we become so; if we are unable to help ourselves in either a physical or pecuniary sense, our way is generally fraught with many lamentable crosses, perplexing impediments and disappointments, being in such a state compelled to submit to the willingness or convenience of others in accomplishing our inclinations, however gratifying or important the accomplishment of such inclinations would be to our natural dispositions. Dependency is a fate calculated to render us unwelcome guests, not only to general society, but in many instances to private kindred; it also frequently subjects us to much uncharitable reproach, indifferent treatment, envied favors, and touching replies from persons of whom we hopefully solicit assistance. Consequently no sympathetic mind who seriously reflects on these truths, of which many among the aged, the afflicted, and the poor can experimentally testify, can find any reasonable ground for surprise at diffidence, discouragement, or even depression being the prevailing spirit of those who are unfortunately doomed to experience the trials commonly attending a state of dependency.

THE RUSSET ROOM.

WITHIN a small and russet room,
Upon a downy bed,
A lonely pilgrim oft reclined
Her weary, aching head.

There oft, when midnight's shadows cast
A sable gloom around,
That pilgrim in her russet room
A secret comfort found.

Although remote from human gaze
She did not feel alone,
The presence of the One on high
With clearness round her shone.

By humble faith her mental eye
Beheld His love and might,
Whereon her spirit could rely
Through trial's darkest night.

She saw her every woe and care
He did with pity view;
She heard Him whisper, "Trust and hope,
I tried thy journey through,

Each shoal is known unto thy guide,
No storms shall overwhelm;

Keep on thy course, nor turn aside,
Thy Master's at the helm."

Cheered by such sweet companionship
Midst scenes of deepest shade,
"Although alone, I'm not alone,"
That trusting pilgrim said.

No wealth or aught we may acquire,
In paths of light and bloom,
Can yield the joy that pilgrim found
Within her russet room.

RAINY DAYS.

It matters not how much the earth
Needs warm, refreshing showers,
To give to vegetation birth,
Or cherish drooping flowers;
It matters not how long or bright
The sun hath lent its rays,
We mostly grow dissatisfied
With a few rainy days.

The raindrops on our neat attire,
The chill of clouded air,
The prevalence of dirt and mire
Abounding everywhere,
Restriction from our wonted joy
'Midst nature's haunts to stray,
All tend our feelings to annoy
Upon a rainy day.

Our present inconvenience is
The chief that claims our thought,
Unmindful of the future bliss
With which dark hours are fraught;
The fields which yield our daily bread,
The fount our thirst allays,
Would fail their services to lend
Were there no rainy days.

Misfortunes, sorrow, sickness, wrong,
Neglect, contempt, and wrath,
In alternate succession throng
Across our earthly path.
So much they darken hopes that smiled,
Make toilsome, rough, our way,
Their prevalence may well be styled
The spirit's rainy day.

Although these trials do appear,
To our short-sighted view,
Like floods and tempests hard to bear
And deep to buffet through,
They kindly serve as helpful showers
To rescue from decay
The feeble roots of noble powers
Which need grief's rainy day.

'Tis needed to invigorate
Us in some wise pursuit,
Transform us to a proper state
To show forth perfect fruit;
For like the outward fount and field
Which nature's wants allay,
Spirits would little virtue yield
Without a rainy day.

Constant success or pleasure would
Soon parch the mental soil,
Wither its growing plants of good,
Their happy products foil;
So callous is the human heart,
So prone to erring ways,
So slow to choose the better part
While spared from rainy days.

But, oh, when sharp affliction doth
Oppress, or joys are flown
From us, how thrifty is the growth
Of seeds in sorrow sown!
Our softened wills can then submit
To aught God's grace displays,
And ask for strength to meekly meet
Our spirit's rainy days.

THE MERRY MAN.

"I DO not intend to ever grow old,"
Said a merry-hearted man of three-score,
Little thinking his strong form would lie cold
Ere another short six months should roll o'er.

No, he did not intend to e'er grow old,
But enjoy what he termed innocent mirth,
Till called to follow the messenger bold
And bid adieu to the pleasures of earth.

Though this he resolved, he could not escape
From the grasp by which he was from life hurled;

He in usual health at night fell asleep,
But ere morn dawned woke in the spirit world.

The wisdom or folly of his resolve
Is neither my business nor wish to scan,
But needful it seems while moments revolve
I should be more grave than that merry man.

Methinks I perceive no sporting of mind
Can shield me from the weight of years or pain,
Nor prepare me eternal bliss to find
When my dust shall return to dust again.

'Tis certain one final summons will come
Sooner or later to each human form;
None of us know whether reason or gloom
Will attend us amid Nature's last storm.

None of us know we'll have time to review
Or repent the past at that solemn hour;
Prepared or not, when commanded to go,
We must yield our all to the spoiler's power.

Then how needful it is we should employ
Our talents and time in serious ways,
If we would secure a prospect of joy
Should death touch our brows in unconscious days.

LIFE.

Life is a varied scene below,
Of storm and sunshine, weal and woe,
A scene where disappointments frown,
A scene where hope oft wins a crown,
A scene of anxious care and guile,
A scene where friend lends friend a smile,
A scene of mingled strife and love,
A scene displaying power above,
A scene that's fraught with wonders great,
Evincing there's a future state.

Life is a scene of frequent change
No constant state aught can arrange;
Life is one general revolve
Whose mysteries no time shall solve.
Youth turns to age, the great 's made small,
The poor grow rich, the haughty fall,
The spoiler conquers strongest health
Without regard to age or wealth;
All things sustained by nature's breath
In time must yield their life to death.

Life is the time God hath given
To prepare the soul for heaven;
No other time is thine, vain man,
Thy spirit's future life to scan;
No other time to choose the road
Which bears thee on to ill or good.

Whate'er thy choice, that choice will be
The portion measured back to thee;
One journey through this vale of strife
Is man's allotted span of life.

HOPE.

Desponding pilgrim, art thou also one of the distrustful, murmuring throng, who regardest Hope as a flattering deceiver, calculated only to mislead the sanguine or blind in their perception of approaching realities? Although thou canst with propriety testify of indiscreet undertakings and grievous disappointments having resulted from what thou seemest to consider Hope's false pretenses, couldst thou recall every circumstance of the past and ponder its entire proceedings, thou wouldst discover thy judgment had on many occasions been misled more by thy own unsubdued anxieties than by any flattering promises of Hope. Therefore, be cautious ere thou disregardest the efficacy of a virtue so essential to thy comfort as Hope is during thy earthly pilgrimage.

In passing through life we witness numberless instances in which persons deceive themselves, mistaking their own preferred desires for hopeful prospects; while others, whose interests are less absorbed in the matter, can clearly perceive there is no reasonable ground in such cases for expecting success. Thus disappointments frequently arise from indulging imaginations too sanguine to be realized.

Thy short-sighted nature may often be sadly disappointed in this manner until repeated disappointments have made thee sensible of thy own weakness, when thou

canst acknowledge the wisdom that spared thee from a foresight of impending trials, knowing the weight of their realities was quite enough for human strength without being prematurely afflicted with them in anticipation. Alarm, discouragement, or repining would be the certain result of such forebodings. Consequently, ignorance of future ills awaiting us renders life's path much smoother to shrinking nature than it would otherwise be. Deceptive as thou mayest consider Hope's seeming flatteries to be, her plans are wisely adapted to thy weakness, lending light, by her encouraging rays, to many dark spots in thy pathway, and preventing thee from falling a victim to untimely despair. As the light and warmth of the sun invigorate vegetation, so the cheering influence of Hope enables man to perform the various duties allotted to his attention in life.

Hope excites the aspiring student to persevere amidst discouragements in important discoveries and inventions. Hope stimulates the wearied laborer to toil cheerfully for the reward of plenty. Hope prompts the bereft, sorrow-stricken mourner to seek Divine aid and support. Hope points the vision of the afflicted sufferer towards prospective relief or recovery. Hope inclines the penitent sinner to trust in promises of forgiveness and redemption. Hope cheers the dying Christian with whispers of light and peace awaiting him beyond the tomb. In short, Hope may be justly styled an anchor of the soul, capable of affording strength and consolation to the latest rational period of life.

How oft in trial's fearful hour,
  When cherished joys are from us torn,
When clouds of dark affliction lower
  And disappointed spirits mourn,

We cannot see one cheering ray
From Hope's exalted altar thrown,
Nor e'en believe her friendly sway,
Her magic power we scorn to own.

Deceptive as thou art, vain Hope,
Thy name is ever dear to me;
Thy power enables man to grope
His way across Time's changeful sea,—
Thy beams illume affliction's night,
Thy smiles cheer weary pilgrims on,
Thy whispers breathe of peace and light
In store when trial's work is done.

Thou art a friend, a helpful friend,
The offspring of the Christian's faith,
Sustaining weak ones to the end,
Removing all the sting of death.
Thou art a star whose radiance clear
Can penetrate the deepest gloom,—
A star dispersing every fear
That shades our passage to the tomb.

WHEREON MAY WE RELY?

Tell me, thou man of years, if thou hast found
In all thy search a state secure from woe,
A place where lasting joy or ease abound,
Where words of wrath or censure never flow.

Tell me if thou hast seen one glad, bright eye
That ne'er was dimmed by disappointment's tear;
If thou hast known a mind of talents high
That ne'er was forced to part with treasures dear.

I ask thee, too, whereon we may rely
For strength to bear in trial's gloomy hour,
When clouds of dark misfortune hover nigh,
When weakness, wrong, or pain, exert their power.

Methinks the sage-like man with feeble tread
Calmly replies in accents such as these:
"I have through many tedious years been led,
Yet found no place of lasting joy or ease.

"No mind exempt from smitten ties or pain,
No state secure from passion's angry blow,
No eye that hath not wept o'er griefs that stain
The beauty of life's pathway here below.

"But, youthful friend, I must confess I've found
An anchor strong and steadfast to the soul,
Whereon I can rely when ills abound,
Or sorrow's frightful billows roughly roll.

"Though earth affords no safe abiding-place
Where weary spirits may be free from fear,
Jesus, the pilgrim's Friend, can by His grace
Grant us faith, patience, hope, while toiling here:

"Faith to believe He sees our every woe,
Faith to believe He doeth all things right,
Faith to believe He'll guide us safely through,
Patience and hope to make our burdens light.

"His grace is offered to all human hearts,
Shows fainting mortals where to look for aid;
The soothing power His gift of faith imparts
Lends help to bear the trials on us laid.

"On Him alone we may rely through all
The changeful storms that may obscure life's road;
To Him alone we may in weakness call
For strength to bow unto His chastening rod.

"By Him alone the humble strive to grope
Their way unto the spirit's promised land;
Through Him alone can erring beings hope
Before the Father's throne faultless to stand."

BEAUTIFUL.

'Tis sweet in years of sunny youth,
Undimmed by disappointment's blight,
To have inward teachings of truth
Clearly revealed to mental sight.
'Tis sweet to see the young and strong
Prefer the right and shun the wrong,
Showing a conscientious fear
Of Him to whom all things appear.
Surely it is beautiful
To see the Lord thus honored here.

'Tis sweet in trial's gloomy hour,
When ill on ill falls to our share,
When sharp affliction's weakening power
Seems almost more than we can bear,

To feel we have an earthly friend
On whom for aid we can depend,—
A friend who strives our minds to stay
And smooth by sympathy our way,
  Making life's walk beautiful
Though clouds obscure at times our day.

But sweeter far when grief prevails,
  And nature sinks beneath its weight,
To feel God's mercy never fails
  To be sufficient for our state;
To feel through faith He'll condescend
To own our trials to the end;
He'll grant us strength to trust His word
Or say, Thy will be done, dear Lord.
  Soul, is this not beautiful,
And worthy thy care to record?

No sweeter feeling can we ask
  Than resignation to our fate,
Strength to perform each meted task,
  Support beneath oppression's weight.
The value of a patient mind,
By faith sustained, by grace refined,
Surpasses brightest jewels known
To deck a monarch's brow or throne,
  And is deemed more beautiful
By Him who heeds the spirit's moan.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF S. L. MOORE.

Little, dearest, prattling creature,
  Why thus early haste away?
Why thus early pay to nature
  That great debt which all must pay?

Didst thou find this world unworthy,
  Unworthy of thy longer stay?
Or did thy Maker, judging for thee,
  Bid thee to the realms of day?

Yes, dear child, 'twas He removed thee
  From this changeful state below,
Ere thy young mind knew the trials
  Of bereavement, pain, or woe.

Ere thy fair brow had been clouded
  By the burdening cares of time;
Ere thy little feet had trodden
  Rugged paths of toil or crime.

Ere thy parents' hearts were saddened
  By transgression in their boy,
He called thee to scenes immortal,
  Scenes of perfect life and joy.

His watchful eye foresaw dangers
Gathering round thy future years,
Marked thy inward course of nature,
Bore thee from a world of tears.

Happy spirit, early rescued
From the luring snares of life,
Hover near thy mourning parents,
Cheer them through this vale of strife.

Show thy father how unstable
Are the ways of erring men;
How, without the scourge of sorrow,
We would choose the path of sin.

How the Lord of mercy sendeth
Smitten joys in kind disguise,
To turn us from wonted error,
Turn our longings toward the skies.

He sees wayward footsteps straying
From the strait and narrow road,
Sends His rod of sharp correction
Lest we fail to reach our God.

May His wise designs preserve us
From the power of Satan's snare,
Teach our troubled souls to love Him,
Fit us for a life of prayer!

That when death his work has finished,
And our earthly race is o'er,
We may live with Him in glory,
Praise His name for evermore.

LET ME SEE HIM ONCE MORE.

"LET me see him once more," a fond father said,
As he anxiously turned to the place
Where the pride of his home unconsciously lay
In the stillness of death's cold embrace.

"Let me see him once more," that fond father sighed,
When the coffin was ready to close
O'er the brow of the boy, who oft by his side
Had in frolic much lightened life's woes.

None denied the request, but, ah! that last gaze
On the features of his cherub-child
Could not restore warmth to the cold, pallid face,
Which so lately with beauty had smiled.

His sleep was too deep for a grieved father's moan
To e'er rouse him to consciousness here;
His person remained, but his spirit had flown
Where no mortal sound could reach his ear.

Though the coffin and grave now hide the fair form
Of that loved boy from his father's sight,
He forever is safe from sorrow or harm,
In a world of endless joy and light.

With angels and saints he in Paradise stands,
God's presence through ages to adore;
And beckons his kindred to that happy land
Where his father may see him once more.

Once more, when affliction, misfortune, and strife
Shall no longer the spirit annoy,
His father may see him an heir of new life,
And be parted no more from his boy.

THOUGHTS AFTER ATTENDING A RELIGIOUS MEETING.

Unto the house of prayer I've been once more,
And heard glad tidings spoken, as of yore;
I heard:—that God is with me, and will be
A strength in weakness, all things unto me.
'Tis He alone can still life's raging wave,
And from its wrath the mind's frail bark can save;
'Tis only He, when clouds of sorrow lower,
Can say Be still, omnipotent in power.
Have I not proved it so in days gone by,
When trial's thickest veil obscured my sky,
When my poor tossed and deeply-harassed mind
No place of rest, no safe retreat could find,
Except in Him, who with unerring might
Changed at His will grief's darkness into light,
And I went forth rejoicing? E'en so now
Be faith's bright impress seen upon my brow;
And may that peace that passeth all below,
Which can alone from Heaven's pure fountains flow,
So cheer my heart, so animate my breast,
That I on Him in confidence may rest!
And if I strive until my work is o'er,
Then with what joy I'll view yon future shore,
While praises, heartfelt praises, shall be given
To Him who rules on earth and reigns in heaven.

BE GENTLEMEN AT HOME.

Who is a gentleman? What principles or practices constitute the character of a man deserving this term? Surely it requires something of greater depth than mere complimentary phrases or foppish grimaces to form true dignity, which every sensible person will admit is the only solid basis of true gentlemanship; intelligence, justice, condescension, respectful attention, decency, benevolence, and forbearance must actuate the habits of him who desires to be considered a gentleman in a public sphere. If an observance of these principles is so admirably calculated to place a man in a favorable position in general society, how much more winning would an observance of the same principles be, if exercised at home towards those he is bound by ties of nature, duty, and law, to cherish! Men, or gentlemen, if such you fancy yourselves to be, many of you doubtless are insensible of the injuries you impose upon your own families. When in the company of strangers it appears an easy task to make yourselves kind and courteous; you then can pleasantly encourage conversation, cheerfully sacrifice your own inclinations or intentions to the inclinations of others, officiously proffer obliging services, refrain from profane language or slovenly habits, contribute liberally to charitable subscriptions, and silently bear with expressions of directly opposite character to your own sentiments: but, alas! how differently many of you behave when at home towards those you would have the world believe you love! At home you (regardless of the happi-

ness or convenience of her whose confidence you won by assumed acts of apparent gentlemanship, regardless of the solemn covenant you made before God and man at the marriage altar) *frequently reject* with impatience kindly intended offers of conversation, censure with unbounded rage inclinations which encroach upon your own contemplations, harshly refuse entreated accommodations, indulge in profane language or slovenly habits, miser-like restrict necessary expenditures, and irritably oppose sentiments not congenial with your own, until you render yourselves objects of mingled scorn and terror to wives, children, and servants. Compare these actions (which, none can deny, prevail too generally in private life) with principles of justice, condescension, respectful attention, decency, benevolence, or forbearance, and consider how far such conduct corresponds with the required habits of gentlemen. Be gentlemen at home if you would have your homes be attractive to yourselves or families; then wives and children could feel encouraged to participate in your joys and sorrows, welcome your approach, rejoice in your presence, study your comfort, and pity your difficulties, whereby home would be made to appear to all parties the most desirable spot on earth. Do not suppose politely offering an arm of formal attention, or pleasantly addressing your wives with Mrs. W. in public assemblages, doth in any degree atone for neglect and disregard at home, but remember kindness or unkindness naturally produces a return of the same, therefore you must conduct yourselves in a respectful manner if you desire to be respected.

THE SLUGGARD.

How drear a sluggard's life must pass,
Unmoved by any bustling scene!
No pleasant toil, no earnest chase,
Gives change unto his dull routine.

He sighs, and rolls upon his bed,
Or dozes in his easy-chair;
He folds his hands and rubs his head,
And sauntering stands, without a care.

His dingy garb, his tardy pace,
His slovenly, neglected cot,
All tell a tale to his disgrace,—
A tale the sluggard heedeth not.

His cot, his purse, his mind, his all,
Are not sufficient to excite
Him to ambition's stirring call,
Or science's instructive light.

Oh, wretched man! didst thou but know
The pleasures of employment's power,
The cheerfulness which from it flows,
Thou wouldst not idly waste an hour.

Yet I will not thy weakness scorn,
But look with pity on thy ways,
Thinking thou wast of parents born
Who guarded not thy early days.

Had gross neglect in growing youth
Attended me the same as thou,
I, too, might be a helpless drone,
Too indolent for service now.

But, thanks to those who kindly bent
My habits toward some useful care,
Who taught me noble powers were lent
To be improved by steady wear,

I would not change my present lot,
Nor lose the comfort I derive
From toiling in my humble cot,
For all the ease that sluggards have.

PERSEVERE.

Be not dismayed, tried one, at crosses here,
Though doomed to part with joys thy heart held dear;
Though dark misfortunes frown upon thy fate,
And strength depart beneath affliction's weight,
Yield not to fruitless grief nor hopeless fear,
But look above and nobly persevere.

Perchance want, labor, care, may sometimes be
The portion wisely meted out to thee;
Wrath, slander, or revenge may pile their load
Of grief and gloom nigh unto thy abode;
Watch then the danger of each rising tear,
And bear in mind the language, persevere.

Thy task of mental labor may appear
Greater than is required of some to bear;

Halt not, though bid to march upon a road
No human footstep hath before thee trod;
He who is pleased to call thee will be near,
Show thee when, where, and how to persevere.

In every change that doth attend thy life,
Whether produced by pleasure or by strife,—
In every place thy future lot be cast,
By will, calling, or accident, thou hast
One means within thy power thy mind to cheer,
'Tis simply willingness to persevere.

Strive on; though prospects wear a sable shroud,
Blue sky and sunshine lie beyond the cloud,
None know the work they can perform until
They have applied their utmost power and skill;
No great attainments mortals covet here
Can be secured unless we persevere.

"WATCH AND PRAY LEST YE ENTER INTO TEMPTATION."

Weak man, thy daily actions show
How great thy need to watch and pray,
Lest unaware the tempter draw
Thy footsteps far from duty's way.

Sickness and sorrow, wrong and care,
Have often been thy spirit's load,
A weight required of man to bear
While marching on life's rugged road.

Say, dost thou patiently endure
The trials that o'ertake thee here?
Or doth affliction's cloud obscure
Thy spirit with repining fear?

Doth malice or resentment seek
To fill thy heart with wrath and strife
At injuries a foe hath sent,
With full intent to wound thy life?

Doth pride or avarice prevail
To lure from paths of rectitude,
In hours when weakness doth assail
Thy best resolves to practice good?

If thus thy tender mind is tried,
The caution is to watch and pray,
Avoid deceptive mists that hide
Temptations lurking in thy way.

Avarice, pride, revenge, and doubt
Are snares and dangers in disguise,
Proceeding from the baneful fount
Which Satan's artful power supplies.

Gird up thy mind, and nobly strive
To bear the crosses of thy day;
Patience and meekness, faith and hope,
Are found by those who watch and pray.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

It matters not where'er thy lot be cast,
In humble cell or princely grandeur rare,
Whether thy earthly pilgrimage be passed
In sunny joys or sorrow's blighting air,
Thou hast assurance God is everywhere,
With might and will to reign supremely there.

Then ne'er presume to hide thyself from Him,
How'er retired thy temporal abode;
How'er secure thy lurking-place may seem
To be concealed from others, on life's road
Naught can conceal thee from the sight of God,
Nor shield thee from the chastenings of His rod.

His searching eye can pierce the deepest gloom,
Scan the most hidden sins or woes thou hast,
Discern thy want of might to overcome
Dangers produced by error's cruel blast;
Be not dismayed, although thy lot be cast
Remote from friends, or in a boundless waste.

'Tis joy to know in every place and hour,
In every state, in all thou hast to bear,
Thou art surrounded by His arm of power,
Art guarded by His ever-watchful care;
And, dearest of all blessings mortals share,
Allowed to cry to Him in secret prayer.

'Tis joy to know He shows thee right from wrong,
That of His works man is to Him most dear;
'Tis joy to know the spirit's grateful song
And sorrow's burdening sigh doth reach His ear,
And, through the pleadings of the Saviour there,
Find full acceptance with God everywhere.

WASTE NOT MOMENTS.

WASTE not moments, they are precious,
None can boast another hour;
Riches, vigor, youth, nor beauty
Can withstand the spoiler's power.

Waste not moments, though they seem
Like mere morsels in the span
Of years commonly allotted
To the portion of a man.

Waste not moments, but remember
They are given to improve;
They're the time wherein to labor
And prepare for life above.

Waste not moments, idly thinking
To perform in time to come
Tasks belonging to the present;
To us the future may be gloom.

Waste not moments, those now vanished
Will return to us no more,
Nor afford another season
To exert neglected power.

Waste not moments, many warnings
Are presented to our view;
Comrades oft are quickly summoned
From this mortal state below.

Waste not moments, each one bears us
Nearer to the narrow tomb,
Nearer to eternal portals,
None know when their turn will come.

Waste not moments, that if shortly
We be called to give account
Of the deeds done in the body,
"We'll not fear to upward mount."

OUR TWO LITTLE BOYS.

Our two little boys are a frolicsome pair;
From earliest dawn until evening's cool air
Their clear, ringing voices are constantly heard,
As they merrily prance o'er the grass-covered yard,
With soft azure eyes, brightly beaming with joy,
And meddlesome fingers, our plans to destroy.
In mischief or danger their sports mostly end,
When mother her rod of correction doth lend;
The sorrow and sobbing her chastening imparts
Soon sink into peace in their innocent hearts.
No feelings of malice in them ever burn,
But away to their play they quickly return,
Forgetful of aught that disturbed their delight,
Their little feet patter from morning till night.

Their numberless wishes, their questions, their noise,
Displease us at times with our two little boys;
Yet their innocent prattle and ignorant views
In moments of leisure our feelings amuse;
We prize them more highly than language can tell,
And strive to direct their young wanderings well.
Thrice happy are ye, little ones, when compared
With your parents, whose years life's trials have spared;
The cares of the morrow disturb not your rest,
Ambition or pride have no place in your breast,
Ye heed not, ye fear not, the future's dark frown,
The present suffices your wishes to crown.
Roam on, little boys, and with gladness pursue
The pleasures belonging to children like you;
Roam on unconcerned, until time, strength, thought, each,
Shall your feelings enlarge by the lessons they teach:
Maturity's weight of misfortunes and woes
Will fall, ah! too soon on your delicate brows,—
Too soon will the lines of oppression and care
Be marked on your features, now blooming and fair.
Roam on while you can, but may lessons of truth
Impress you while passing the season of youth!
May your manhood, if such be granted to you,
Be adorned by keeping improvement in view!
May you richly repay with kindness and care
The burden your parents for you have to bear,
In watching the wants of your infantile years,
And guarding your habits when error appears!
May wisdom and virtue be early your choice,
That your care-worn parents in age may rejoice,
Beholding the prospect of heavenly joys
Awaiting the souls of our two little boys!

REFLECTIONS ON MY FORTY-SEVENTH BIRTH-DAY.

How rapidly time passes! how unmindful we are of its flight, or of the necessity of being prepared to meet its close! While youth, beauty, or vigor remain, we are apt to forget age, weakness, death, and judgment are daily approaching nearer to us. Months and years glide away almost imperceptibly, until on reflecting we discover the clock of life hath already run more than half its round, even should the extraordinary number of fourscore and four years be allotted to us. So shortsighted is human nature, so contented with sailing on health's smooth surface, so prone to grasp at every tempting enjoyment presented within reach, that many thoughtless beings have unconsciously reached the summit of life's hill, and are day by day descending its declining slope, without appearing to perceive their downward journey is liable to be much shorter and more difficult than their ascent was. The farther we advance on life's road, the more rugged it appears, we feel that cherished joys have departed, ties of kindred have been sundered, health and strength are diminished, debility and dependency are fast overtaking us, and treasured recollections of ambition, pride, or avarice prove unstable anchors in the sea of infirmities. Meekness, patience, faith, hope, charity, and forgiveness, are necessary attainments to preserve us from falling into dangers which naturally prevail in seasons of misfortune, affliction, or despondency, unless the mind is firmly established upon the rock of conscientious piety, which is the

only rock sufficiently strong to stand unmoved amidst tempests of multiplied trials. Another year of the time allotted to my portion has flown away, and a review thereof clearly presents omissions and commissions which much tarnish the beauty of its picture. Methinks many fellow-pilgrims might acknowledge the same unfaithfulness on their part, would they carefully ponder their actions during that period of time. Should this suspicion be correct, I can only recommend repentance of the past, and an earnest endeavor to improve the future, by devoting the remainder of our days more fully to the Lord's service in whatever manner He may be pleased to require. His grace, which appeareth unto every rational mind, convinceth us beyond a doubt what His requirings are; consequently unfaithfulness to follow its pointings in all things is the great secret of much of the misery existing among mankind in general. God, according to His wisdom in creating us, endowed different individuals with different capacities, to be exercised in different spheres. It matters not in what sphere we are spiritually called to labor, it matters not how trifling or peculiar the labor within that sphere may appear, the call is incumbent upon us to obey; and the more willingly we submit thereto, the more easily our task is performed. Many, far too many, regard the requirings of conscience in small things as mere trifles, unworthy of attention; but to me they appear comparable to small duties in outward business, which every skillful manager will admit must be carefully attended to, or matters of apparently greater importance suffer thereby. Inattention to small mental duties is no less serious in its results. The origin of slander, malice, resentment, and divers gross evils commonly occurring in everyday life, may generally be traced to small offences or neglect to amend offences while they are small, and within our

power to control. A grain of wheat or a cent of money is considered by all a trifling thing; yet none can deny it is by carefully regarding grains and cents, that we in time accumulate valuable sums of bushels and dollars; so in like manner, a faithful adherence to spiritual requirings in small things constitutes the grand basis of practical Christianity.

We are growing old! do we feel how fast
The clock of life is running round?
Do we number the moments as they pass,
That we in readiness be found
To meet the Bridegroom's call, which may
Be sounded suddenly to-day?

We are growing old! doth mem'ry bear
The dangers of the blinding dust
Arising from ambition's luring snare,
Wherein weak souls should never trust,
Lest unaware we be betrayed
And salvation's work long delayed?

We are growing old! may each one prepare
To stand before the Judge on high,
While He our actions, registered with care,
Reviews with His all-searching eye,
And hear His just sentence given
At the judgment-seat of Heaven.

EVENING REFLECTIONS.

How pleasant it is, when the shadows of night
  Steal silently o'er the vale,
To think on the day as it fades from our sight,
  And feel satisfaction prevail.

When our task is performed with timely success,
  And conscience shows naught to prevent,
Our spirits rejoice in the freedom and peace
  Which follow devotions well spent.

But, instead of all this, when strife or neglect
  Leave traces of error behind,
Discontent and remorse deprive us of rest
  And painfully harass the mind.

Why do we so often in folly indulge,
  Or lightly the present employ,
Since hard-bought experience teaches the plan
  Whereby we may win or lose joy?

TO ADDIE, ON HER MARRIAGE.

I LITTLE thought, my darling one,
When thou didst quit my side,
That ere two years should roll around,
My girl would be a bride.
I little thought thy calm, dark eye
So soon would tempt a heart to try
Affection's power to make secure
That tie which must for life endure.

I little thought thy name, which bore
Resemblance to my own,
Would be exchanged for aught, before
I heard again thy tone.
I thought, I hoped, the time would come
Thou couldst return unto thy home:
That hope has fled, thou art bound now;
So strive to keep thy marriage vow.

That vow was breathed before thy God;
He saw thee made a wife,
To honor, cherish, until death,
The partner of thy life;
His lot thou now art bound to share,
Whether of pleasure or of care;
Then, dearest, let it be thy pride
To be to him a proper guide.

Thy heart is fond and tender now,
Bright seem youth's golden hours;

But time and care thy form will bow,
  And wither beauty's flowers;
Mayest thou in age prove constant still
Thy marriage promise to fulfil;
Though crosses shade thy placid brow,
Be faithful, loving, then, as now.

And may thy partner prove to be
  A kind deserving friend;
Ready, when trials fall on thee,
  His sympathy to lend;
That as you each advance in years
One may share in the other's tears;
Binding more firm, through sun and shade,
Kindred attachments early made.

Thus thy marriage on earth may be
  An emblem of the joy
Thy union with sainted ones
  Shall yield without alloy;
When thy short pilgrimage is past,
And thee the Saviour owns at last,
To be His spouse through endless days,
And sing around the throne His praise.

THE two following poems were addressed to a few private individuals who raised the national flag on their own premises during the late rebellion.

YES, for the flag of stars and stripes
Our fathers bled and died;
And scourgéd every man should be
Who puts that flag aside.

Our fathers braved both heat and cold,
They labored night and day,
To quell the foe who strove to hold
Our men beneath their sway?

Our fathers' blood our freedom bought;
And who would dare destroy
The flag which waved above their heads,
And never knew alloy?

Secession's bane, palmetto bush,
With serpent coiled around,
Can have no place upon the soil
Of Union's happy ground.

Then let the flag of stars and stripes
Long o'er our country wave;
And every heart defend the rights
Our fathers fought to save.

Let every son unite and join
  Our heroes brave and true,
In helping them their rights defend
  And save our banners too.

From East and West, from North and South,
  We hear some brothers call;
And echo back from every heart
  This Union must not fall.

The stars and the stripes of our banner
  Our country's proud liberty tell;
Which was bought with the toil of our fathers
  And blood of our heroes who fell.

Let youth learn our nation's sad story,
  Our patriots' valor and zeal;
When with hearts full of Union glory
  They strove their opponents to quell;

When mothers and daughters united
  Invented a wise saving plan
Of yielding their country assistance,
  Encouraging every brave man.

Thus the work of this new-hoisted banner
  Our ladies' warm wishes portray;
May it stir up the minds of their sisters
  To join in the cause of the day.

To arrest the bane tide of secession,
Society's ruin and shame;
And hold with unflinching possession
Our long-loved banner of fame,

Which waved o'er the heads of our fathers
While striving their freedom to gain,
That they might establish a Union,—
A Union their sons should sustain.

Then up with the star-spangled banner,
Our badge which all nations do own,
And defend with all firmness the virtue
That governs our Union throne.

OH, DOES HE EVER THINK OF ME?

Oh, does he ever think of me
Who watched beside his cradle bed,
And on my slender arm and knee
Nursed carefully his infant head?
He can't deny I was the one
He oft preferred in riper hours,
To linger near with cheerful tone
When sickness had reduced his powers.

Does he, the youngest of our group,
To whom my heart so closely clung
Without a shadow of distrust,
In days when he and I were young,

E'er cast an anxious wish or sigh
  Toward me, now in declining years,
Who once exerted every power
  To be his friend in joy and tears?

Has he forgotten all my toil,
  While the first dear one of his choice
Long languished on a bed of pain
  Ere she was called by death's stern voice?
He surely knows, would he recall,
  The many efforts which I made
To smooth the roughness of his path
  When she he loved had from him fled.

Oh, can it be! must I believe
  He wholly disregards me now?
That I'll no more with joy perceive
  Kind approbation on his brow?
Must I throughout remaining years
  The object of his censure be,
Because events of mottled spheres
  Were oft accepted wrongfully?

And shall it be, no favored breeze
  Will ever o'er our spirits shed
Its softening influence of peace,
  To clear the mist by error spread?
If so, or even ruder blasts
  Assail my future destiny,
Affection still will fondly ask,
  "Oh, does he ever think of me?"

BLESSINGS.

When musing in a silent season
On blessings which had my portion crowned,
I strove to think which one I'd reason
To feel most thankful for having found.

The task was great to aim at solving
The best or least of the gifts of God;
All seemed important, whether offered
In pleasing shape or in chastening mode.

The name and form of blessings differ,
Yet each is needful while we toil here;
Each adds a link to our chain of comfort,
Lights paths that would otherwise be drear.

Although our nature requires raiment,
Food, and rest to cherish mortal strength,
Did pleasures fill our cup with favors
We'd fail to win endless joys at length.

Therefore blessings consist not merely
In stores of plenty, delight, or ease;
Sickness, bereavement, care, and sorrow,
All kindly serve to lead us to peace.

Thus faith would own at times the mercy
Of Thy interposing hand, dear Lord;
But feeble nature is rebellious,
And feels Thy all-wise corrections hard.

The flinty soil, within the narrow
Path which Thou requirest us to tread,
To human feelings is annoying
Until Thy grace shows us what we need.

Yet, weak and erring as my spirit
By nature seems inclined to be,
The softening intents of Thy dealings
I trust are not wholly lost on me.

Thou sawest meet mine eyes to darken,
To make drear the sphere wherein I move,
To wither life's endearing prospect
Of kindred, companionship, and love;

Thou sawest meet to send these trials,
As needed blessings in kind disguise;
To guard me from the snares of Satan
Woven unseen in earth's luring ties.

I thank Thee, Father, for regarding
Me worthy of Thy preserving care;
Worthy of being taught the hidden
Mysteries Thy chosen children share.

But dearest far of all the blessings
Thou hast been pleased to confer on me,
Is strength of mind to bear in calmness
Each chastening stroke which descends from Thee.

For this I thank Thee, Holy Parent,
Above all other blessings given;
It reconciles me to affliction
While toiling to win rest in heaven.

A DIALOGUE.

FATHER.

My son, I can't imagine where
You have so early learned to swear;
I cannot think whoe'er you heard
Express a vulgar, profane word;
Your precious mother doth, I know,
Guard well her lips, lest aught should flow
That would her dignity disgrace
Or rob her conscience of its peace.
You always have been kept at home,
Not e'en to school allowed to roam.
You have no playmates known to use
Such oaths as you so often choose;
I'm grieved to think my darling boy,
Scarce six years old, should thus employ
His little tongue in naughty ways,
Not minding what his father says;
I love you dearly, but must do
My duty by correcting you;
So, mind, I'll punish you severe
The next time I know you to swear.

CHILD.

Father, I do remember well
You told me not to lie and steal,
Nor ever drink a drop of rum
Or I a drunkard might become;

But let me tell you, father dear,
You never told me not to swear;
And even now I do not know
Why you should scold your darling so,
Since all the naughty words I say
You speak before me every day.
You know you often storm and swear,
And tell mamma you do not care;
When she attempts to kindly warn,
Her cautions you receive with scorn.
You told me, too, the Good Man sees
Your little boy, hide where I please,
That every act and every word
I speak is by the Good Man heard;
That He will punish naughty boys
And shut them out from all His joys.
But, father, does it not seem queer,
When the Good Man is always near
To see what little children do,
That He don't see big men like you,
Or punish big men when they swear
And act as if He was not near?

FATHER.

My son, you almost make me blush,
Your pleadings to my conscience rush,
Arousing feelings in my heart
I would should ne'er from me depart.
I know, dear boy, on taking thought,
I need the lesson you have taught.
I know I often storm and swear,
Regardless of God's being near.
Although I'm tall, He doth survey
All that I do and all I say;

His judgment-book contains within
A strict account of each one's sin.
I feel assured 'tis written there
The number of the oaths I swear.
Methinks I feel persuaded, too,
I am accountable for you;
But do not see what course to take
More safe or prudent than to make
New covenant with God, to try
To set example to my boy,
That will incline his youthful heart
Wisely to choose the better part,
Which doth preserve from every snare
Tempting man's evil tongue to swear.

CHILD.

Father, I've one thing more to say:
Mamma has told me I must pray;
Must ask the Good Man to forgive
My naughty tricks, and make me live
The way He likes good folks to do,
That I may learn to be good too.
But, father, since the Good Man knows
All big men do, as well as boys,
Should you not try to learn to pray,
That you no more bad words will say?

FATHER.

My child, I know we all do need
The help of God, His will to heed;
I know we all have need to pray
For strength to shun the sinner's way.
We are by nature prone to wrong,
This weakness doth to each belong;

And naught but grace, through faith, can make
Us strong and willing to forsake
Our evil ways, or rightly bear
Our cross against the tempter's snare.
May you and I strive to obey
What our kind friends shall to us say,
Nor think at heart we do not care
When we are shown some cross to bear!

THE OLD YEAR.

FAREWELL, old year, thy remaining moments are numbered, thy last sun has set: a few more fleeting hours, and thou wilt be hurled from existence forever. Thy departure is accompanied by a stormy atmosphere, the gloom of which is calculated to recall the mottled train of afflictions, sorrows, toils, and cares which pressed with increased weight upon many a toil-worn spirit during thy circumvolution. Thy expiring flight wafts not from the mind painful recollections of omissions and commissions which much darken the pages of thy record. Every day of thy progression has been marked with important events. Every day made some hearts happy, and others sad. Thousands of human beings feel this year has been an eventful era in their experience. Many ambitious persons have joyfully realized success in attainments for which they formerly labored in vain. Many noble characters have fallen from the high tower of rectitude into an appalling abyss of error and disgrace by yielding to temptation and weakness. Many fond hearts have been plunged into despair by the crushing torture of wrath or

neglect. Many happy families have been driven from long-enjoyed prosperity to the narrow confines of want by unexpected gales of misfortune. Many strong, active forms have been enfeebled by the uncontrollable power of disease or accident. Many cheerful homes have been made desolate by the remorseless hand of death; while many others have been permitted to escape serious interruptions upon that portion of their voyage through life, and bask a little longer in the pleasant sunshine of ease, health, and prosperity. Old year, thou hast completed a variety of changes which were commenced by thy predecessor, and art leaving as great a variety of thy own begetting to be completed by thy successor. Thou hast brought every individual, who survived the motions of thy revolve, one year's march nearer the portals of judgment and eternity; none have been able to turn their sail up the course of thy current, nor withstand the perpetually downward bearing of thy rapidly vanishing moments; but on numerous heads where beautiful, sable, or golden locks were seen at the beginning of thy career, gray hairs now appear in abundance, showing how irresistible is the power of time. Thy closing scene seems to impart a solemn and instructive lesson to man, warning us to remember human life is, comparably to the departing year, a period of short continuance, which, according to the orderings of nature, must soon cease to exist, and give place to succeeding generations.

SAD REFLECTIONS

Ah, memory tells almost ten years
Of mingled pleasure, care, and gloom
Have fled since wounded nature's tears
Were shed around our mother's tomb.

Almost ten years since she who strove
So earnestly to smooth my way,
By acts of sympathy and love,
Was called, I trust, to endless day.

But, oh, the changes I have known
While these ten years rolled slow away!
Joys have departed, sorrows grown,
And brightest locks exchanged for gray.

Friends and kindred have been sundered
By dark misfortune's chilling tide,
Pain and death have swept forever
A faithful father from my side.

The pleasant homestead which he strove
By honest labor to acquire,
Alas, no longer claims my love,
Its beauties strangers now admire.

More distant friends, with whom we once
Were wont to wander hand in hand,
Have also left us here to grope
Our journey to the spirit-land.

Though dark the picture fancy draws
Of cherished scenes in by-gone days,
The picture of the next ten years,
When drawn, may have no brighter rays.

Our parents' pilgrimage is o'er,
We children yet must tread the road
Their weary footsteps trod before,
Amid events of ill and good.

The next sad breach death's icy touch
Shall make within our household band
Must be among the younger group
Our smitten parents left behind.

None of us know whose mental ear
Will first receive the final call,
The youngest or the strongest may
Stand first before the Judge of all.

BE YE ALSO READY.

Be ye also ready, for in an hour
When least expected the Son of Man
May suddenly summon your souls before
The great Judge's majesty to stand,
And listen to His record, just and true,
Of deeds done in the body here below.

Be ye also ready, seeing how oft
The youth from death's grasp we cannot save,

How oft strong forms, on active service bent,
Fall unconscious victims to the grave,
Without one moment's warning to prepare
To meet the mighty Lord of spirits there.

Be ye also ready, while time and sense
Are kindly extended unto you,
While inward teachings of redeeming grace
Are clearly presented to your view,
Enlightening the spirit's short-sighted eye
To discern and 'scape dangers lurking nigh.

Be ye also ready, that no alarm
Shall seize your minds at that solemn hour,
Whether the call be heard at night or morn,
In health, or under declining power,
But with calmness hope to receive the word,
"Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

TO KATIE.

Dearest Katie, mother left thee,
To journey far away,
Not intending to neglect thee
By her much lengthened stay.

Older kindred, dear by nature,
Friends of her early years,
Held a place in her affection
Through later joys and tears.

'Twas for them she left thee, darling,
But only for awhile,
To see her aged father's features
And sister's welcome smile.

Oft she thought, while pressing forward,
Of those she left behind,
And Katie's pranks of innocence
Rushed to thy mother's mind.

Chide her not for having tarried
Long from her youngest one,
Though thee missed her fond caresses
And her familiar tone.

She little thought thy last sickness
Would seize thy tender frame,
Ere she could return and proudly
Hear thee lisp thy mother's name.

But, ah! her fond hopes were blasted
When home she did approach,—
Her youngest one lay prostrated
Upon a fevered couch.

It was painful to her feelings
To meet her darling so,
And with every art she labored
To check the spoiler's blow.

'Twas vain, all her prayers and efforts
To rescue thee from death
Merely lightened the agonies
Of thy expiring breath.

Was it thy wish to leave mother?
Was thy fate hard below?
Hark! to these questions, I fancy,
Sweet Katie answers, No.

There is One who sees the dangers
Awaiting children here,
And in love is pleased to bear them
Away from pain and care.

He it was who early called thee
From thy dear mother's breast,
To be safe with Him in glory
And with thy brother rest.

He was also called before thee
To quit the scenes of time,
Ere his little feet had trodden
The paths of woe and crime.

He was there to greet his sister
Within that blest abode,
And with the ransomed family
Sing endless praise to God.

May your guileless spirits hover
Around your parents' way,
And oft cause them to remember
You're happier far than they!

Cause them to rejoice in knowing
Their children are at peace,
And the number of their kindred
In heaven is increased.

WINTER.

STERN winter, thy rigorous frowns
Chase beautiful sights from our view,
Landscapes exchange their verdant crowns
For those of perished nature's hue.
The leafless forests groan and sigh
Beneath the pressure of thy breath,
The feathered songsters swiftly fly
Before thy chilling threat of death.

Thy frigid movements overspread
Earth's fair aspect with blight and gloom,
Insects and plants are harshly led
To slumber torpid in thy tomb.
Though grim and drear the scenes which show
The weight of thy remorseless tread,
My fancy pictures pleasure's glow
Amidst the gloom thy actions shed.

Thy showers of sleet which crystallize
The bending bough and slender vine,
Sparkling beneath bright starlight skies
Like pearls within the ocean's brine,
Give beauty to the faded scene
Thy dreaded presence casts around,
While groups of merry forms are found
In frolic o'er the snow-clad ground.

The sleigh-bells jingle at the door,
Foretelling pleasant friends are near,
To share with us the pleasant hour
While resting from the summer's care.

In social mirth or converse sweet
Thy long evenings are whiled away,
Comrades around the fireside meet,
Released from tumults of the day.

The peaceful slumbers of the night
Hushed from the ear thy winds' rough tone,
While stormy elements without
In hoarse, unheeded accents moan.
Such are the joys thy season brings
To homes where plenty lends her hand,
Where peace her gentle mantle flings
Upon the household's happy band.

But widely different the fate
Of those where want or discord reigns :
On them thy snow-flakes fall with weight,
To them thy evenings are but pain.
The morning's light, the warm sun's ray,
Are most that cheer their luckless cells
During the rigor of thy sway,
Of which their grievous record tells.

CONSOLATORY MUSINGS.

Ah, be not anxious to pursue
The trifles of a day ;
The sweetest joys of earth are doomed
To quickly pass away.

But if we in our God confide
And seek His constant care,
Though trials reign on every side,
He'll guard us from despair.

Though eyes may shed their blinding tears
And hearts oft raise a sigh,
He'll kindly heed these humble prayers,
These tears of sorrow dry.

He'll ever prove a faithful friend
When pain or grief prevails;
On Him we safely may depend,
His mercies never fail.

He's ever ready to fulfill
Each promise to the soul,
Of those who truly seek His will
And are at His control.

Then prostrate at the throne of grace
Our souls in earnest prayer,
And ask for strength to keep our place
When Satan's arrows dare.

We need the strength that maketh strong
To follow His command,
To keep resolves which cannot long
Temptation's power withstand.

Though peaceful thoughts at times prevail,
(Submission's sweet reward,)
Like things of earth, our minds are frail,
Unsettled in the Lord.

I OFT observe in hours of trial,
When comfort threatens to depart,
Impatience meets a firm denial
If Jesus rules within my heart.

His peaceful presence prompts my spirit
To choose the path He would approve,
He cheers my prospect of the future
With gentle promises of love.

Cheerful forgiveness toward the erring
E'en while I journey here below,
Endurance, faith, and hope He granteth,
To light and smooth my pathway through.

He sees me weary, heavy laden,
Bids me on Him my burden cast,
Renews my strength to trust His mercy,
In hope of rest through Him at last.

Soul, 'tis by far a greater favor
Than all the joys that earth afford,
To hold communion with the Saviour,
To feel supported by the Lord.

SECRET COMFORT.

WHILE doomed to sojourn 'midst the scenes of time
We meet with much that doth obscure the mind;
Much that is to our nature hard to bear
And tends to drag our spirits to despair.
Yet 'midst earth's ills there is a comfort sure
Which doth through every change in life endure:

'Tis grace, convincing us there's One who knows
How sharp the sting of our most secret woes,
How prone we are in trial's gloomy hour
To yield unconscious to the tempter's power,
To sink in dark despondency and fear,
Unmindful of our Helper being near,
Whose might and will doth in His way and time
Grant strength, through faith, life's rugged hill to climb,—
Strength to believe His promises are true
And all our wants lie open to His view.
By grace He breaks the sinner's stony heart,
Shows him wherein he acts the erring part,
Shows him his need of coming unto God,
And offers pardon through the Saviour's blood;
By grace He whispers to the mournful where
They may their griefs assuage through faith and prayer;
By grace He points the path we should pursue,
Renews our strength appointed work to do;
To meekly bear all that besets our way
And wait in patience His own chosen day
Of kind deliverance from mortal gloom,
To bask in joys which lie beyond the tomb.
What more could helpless beings ask than this?—
Support while here, and guidance into bliss.
Then, soul, be thankful for the blessings given,
Nor murmur on thy toilsome course to heaven.

NEVER SAFE.

While earnestly endeavoring to accomplish a piece of fancy knitting, the order of which had to be accurately

sustained,—or the figure designed to be represented became deranged,—I, on examination, when apparently near the close of the task, discovered a mistake had been made, which could not be rectified by any other means than by taking out the work a sufficient distance to remove the defect, on which account I sadly murmured, Never safe until entirely completed! The weight of the expression instantly touched my heart, clearly developing to my understanding the resemblance that work bore to my own mental state. I sensibly felt the language, Never safe! might be applied in a spiritual sense to mankind in general. In every place, in every state, and at every rational period of life, these instructive words appeared peculiarly applicable.

Every reflecting mind will admit we are never safe from the snares of Satan until our earthly career is entirely completed. So irresolute is human nature, so prone to indulge our innate propensities, however evil in their character, that we are constantly in danger of committing mistakes, by thought, word, or deed, which much deface the beautiful order of true Christianity, and are mistakes which cannot be rectified by any other means than by retracing our course, and with renewed attention avoiding commission of similar mistakes in future. The enemy of our soul's peace is aware, and ever ready to take advantage of our weakness by presenting apparently reasonable suggestions, more congenial to our erring, finite natures than the rebuking voice of wisdom; therefore we are never safe in advancing with our spiritual work without frequently pausing to review past actions, that we may clearly perceive in what particular point we erred. In youth, mid-life, or old age this care is absolutely necessary, as we are at all times liable to indulge in occasional passions of levity, pride, avarice, jealousy, wrath, strife, malice, re-

sentment, fretfulness, murmuring, or repining, all of which, though small by name, are great mistakes in the course of every-day life, and will assuredly be recorded as such against us in the judgment-book on high. Many death-bed scenes furnish confirming evidence of our never being safe, as it is not uncommon on such occasions to see the sinking sufferer tempted, even until his latest hour, with apprehensive doubts and reasonings of the mercy of our heavenly Father toward His creature man; it is not uncommon to see him tried in this manner to an extent that renders his enfeebled powers almost incapable of discerning one gleam of faith by which he can hope to hold his head above the heaving billows of Jordan, whose frightful roar is every moment sounding, Never ready! to waft his spirit into untried eternity.

PILGRIM, canst thou find one spot
In all this world below,
Where temptations enter not
Nor streams of danger flow?
Canst thou find one hiding-place
Safe from Satan's luring face?
Methinks thou dost answer, no;
Safety is not found below.

Pilgrim, dost thou look above
For strength in danger's hour?
There alone doth perfect love
Reign with availing power.
On the throne the Lamb of God
Ever pleads His dying blood,
Erring mortals to redeem:
For thy safety trust in Him.

THE END.

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